



No. 750
Friday
Sept. 14 '90

PRIVATE EYE

70p



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Marten:
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shop, Alphabet
City, New York:
\$10.00

Boxer shorts
picked up
for next to
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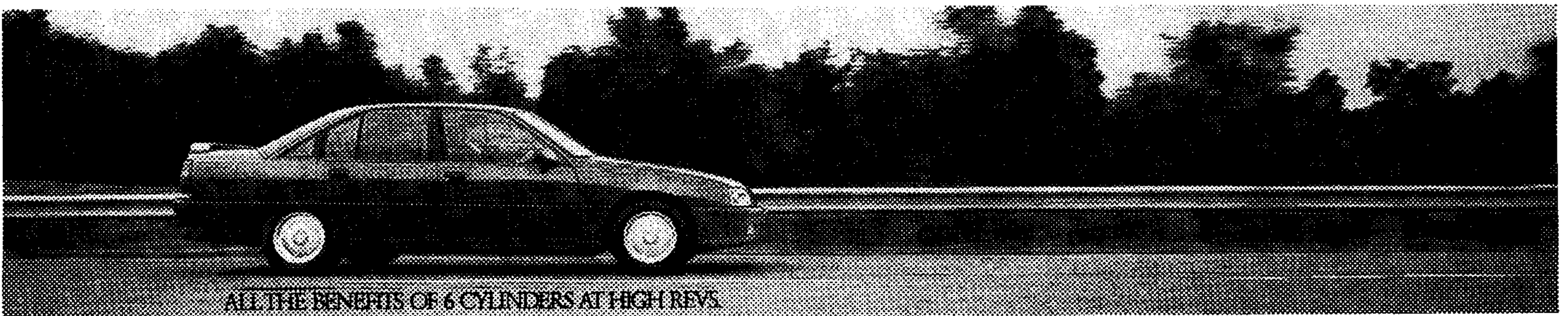
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One of the largest collectors of whisky miniatures in the world is Mr Charles Grigor of New Elgin. He already has 1,000 to his name, and is constantly adding to the list – particularly bottles from local distillers on Speyside, Highland heartland of malt whisky. With so many nips around, doesn't Mr Grigor ever feel tempted to open a bottle? Only large ones, he says, and then 'only if the label says The Macallan'!

The Macallan. The Malt.

Gnome

MY DECISION to buy Tottenham Hotspur should surprise no one who knows of my deep and abiding love for English football. "Hots" as they are known to us fans have always had a special place in my affections. Even more special than my profound attachment to Derby, Oxford, Reading (*Strobes*—fill in any others I own).

When I think of all the times I've seen the "Totts" at their hallowed ground at White House Lane and when I think that this wonderful historic club may now be mine a tear comes to my eye.

It is the sort of manly tear that is often shed by the only other English football hero apart from myself.

I refer, of course, to Paul "Pazza" Gascoigne whose presence in the "Ham" side has led to some hurtful accusations from my envious critics.

The suggestion that I would spend £12 million on a football club merely to ensure that my photograph appears every week with Mr Gascoigne is entirely untrue.

If any such pictures appear it will be because I have reluctantly agreed to be photographed with Mr Gascoigne in order to give him some much needed publicity.

E. Strobes
Lord Gnome
Gazza House
Gazzaville
Gazz.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

The next issue of **PRIVATE EYE** will have in its centre pages a full-colour *Hello!* "special" supplement — not to be missed!

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COLOUR SECTION

THE TORNADOES that returned from the Gulf last weekend on "normal rotational duties" may have teething troubles in preparation for combat. But much more worrying than this is the possibility that the Iraqis know more about the aircraft than most.

When Michael Heseltine was defence secretary in 1988, Britain very nearly sold eight tornadoes to the Jordanians. In the end the kickback factor was too expensive, but while looking at the goods, a number of Jordanian airforce personnel attended British Aerospace briefings on the aircraft and even flew in them.

The worrying prospect is that these men were actually Iraqi pilots — not for the first time in Gulf history wearing Jordanian uniforms and using Jordanian passports.

EYE READERS will know better than anyone that the strike action now threatening to cut off North Sea oil supplies has been germinating for some time.

The workers' chief complaint is the lack of safety precautions, which has been exposed again and again in these columns. The main thrusts for the campaign of the new offshore oil workers' trade union organisation were the disasters on Piper Alpha and Ocean Odyssey (see *Eye passim*) and, more recently, the deaths of David Anderson, Christopher Paton, Mark Fleming, Rex Copperwaite, George Heckels and Kelvin Catering when the helicopter on which they were being lifted from the helideck of Shell's Brent Spar installation crashed into the sea. This tragedy, witnessed by several workers on Brent Alpha, led to a series of sudden strikes on- and offshore.

Strangely, none of the newspapers or broadcasters who have reported the tragedy have referred to a prophetic article in *North Sea Letter and European Offshore News*, a weekly magazine published by Financial Times Business Information Ltd.

The article was headlined *Shell moves to allay doubts over condition of Brent Spar* and it started: "An unofficial report on the status of Shell's Brent Spar loading buoy suggests there are fears on board over the fitness of the installation."

Much of the article dealt with the "uncertainty over the mandatory installation of emergency shut-down valves" which Shell, it was suggested, was not going to install in their proper form. The report also claimed that A deck "needs to be replaced because it is in such a state of poor repair". It also denounced "a high asbestos count on B deck". For good measure the report disclosed that pipework fractured throughout the plant last May when it was being prepared for painting.

Then the report has this passage:

"The unofficial report also tells of unconfirmed reports that the helideck has been condemned for the use of S61 helicopters."

Naturally enough, since its editors know who pays them, the magazine put all these allegations to Shell who answered them with varying degrees of evasiveness. On the crucial (and shocking) allegation about the helideck, Shell said this:

"The restricted size of the helideck on the SPAR has meant that for many years S61 helicopters have operated to that installation with restricted payloads in accordance with CAA regulations."

The article was published on 18 July. Exactly one week later the Sikorski (S61) and its crew went down just next to the helideck and the six men were killed.

OF ALL the Labour MPs gloating over the discomfiture of Arthur Scargill, none smiles more sweetly than Kim Howells of Pontpridd or

Kevin Barron from Rother Valley, Yorkshire.

Hardly an anti-Scargill article appears without a helpful quote from one of them — but it was not always thus.

Howells, who started his political career in a sit-down at Hornsey College of Art and even flirted for a while with the Communist Party, was the campaign manager in South Wales when Peter Heathfield, who stands accused with Scargill, ran for the National Union of Mineworkers' general secretaryship.

And Scargill's own successful campaign for president in 1981 owed a lot to the energy of his campaign manager in Yorkshire: one Kevin Barron.

THOSE WHO have read the *Eye's* articles about the fatal fire in the council block at Smethwick should study the following report with care.

"The building regulations require that where there is to be an opening for a pipe to enter a protected shaft it shall be effectively fire-stopped. This is sound legislation in theory but in practice it is rarely complied with. In many such openings spaces have been found between the pipe and the plasterboard of the shaft at the point where the pipe enters the shaft. Consequently a fire could easily enter the shaft with a very real possibility of the rapid spread of fire into the flat above. The fire has only to follow a reverse process in the flat above in order to spread out of the protected shaft and into the rooms adjacent to the shaft."

This is a pretty good description of what happened in Smethwick, where a woman was killed, and of what is likely to happen in any other tower-blocks where the regulations have been ignored.

It appeared in the journal Environmental Health in September 1972, 18 years ago. No action followed.

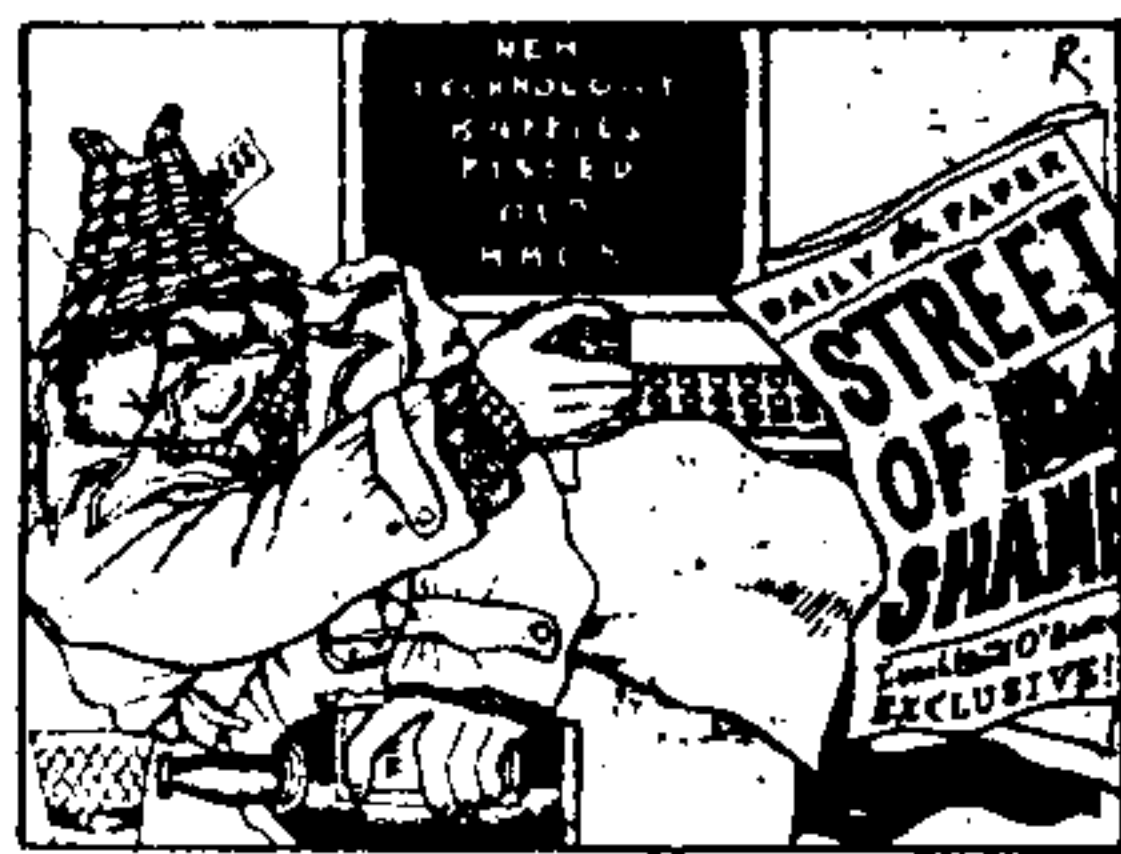
NOW THAT Egypt is getting her reward for backing Bush against Saudi Arabia, with a write-off of its \$7 billion arms debt to the US, it was inevitable that Israel should shout "What about us?"

Yitzhak Modai, Israel's finance minister, immediately went on record that it would be "ridiculous" if Israel should be expected to repay its \$4.6 billion arms bill.

Bush is finding that the world's new moral stance of anti-Saddamery still requires a backing of old fashioned dollars.

SUMMIT IN FULL





THERE WERE swift reactions to our report in the last *Eye* on the anti-social behaviour of *Sun* hack Robert "Rodders" Skellern while on assignment in Dorset.

First "Rodders" himself rang the landlords of several hostels in Bridport, desperately asking if he had really drunk too much.

Next, a *Sun* executive turned up in person in Bridport to interview local publicans and the staff of Abacus Cabs, the taxi firm which called the police when Skellern refused to pay his fare. He introduced himself as Robbie Bowman, assistant editor of the *Sun*. "He'd come to find out what had happened," Russell Gibbons of Abacus Cabs told the *Eye*. "But he didn't apologise or anything."

Curious to know the purpose of Bowman's mission, we rang him at the *Sun*. "I'm not saying anything to you," he snapped. He repeated this answer, rather monotonously, to every question. After several minutes of this one-sided exchange, he suddenly said: "You're starting to make me rather angry." Poor little diddums.

"I want to make this clear," the *Sun* man warned before bringing the conversation to a close. "Don't try and put words in my mouth, because I know how to do that too." You said it, guv.

SKY TV's house magazine — aka *The Sun* — has come a cropper in the long-running Murdoch vendetta against the BBC.

In a leader on 5 September the *Sun* lambasted the BBC for screening so many repeats. While no mention was made of how Sky Movies screens the same dismal film umpteen times in a few weeks, the leader continued: "The *Sun* has a few critics, but no one could ever say we publish the same story twice. If we did, we would soon be out of business. But, then, we are not a state monopoly..."

On page 11 of the edition was a story about an Italian chef who was hurt when the jaws of a dead shark he was cutting up snapped shut on his hand. *Sun* executives obviously liked the story — so much so they put it on page 24 as well.

The big stories are in the Number One *Sun* — twice!

BAD NEWS — and good — for Conrad Black, Canadian proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*.

In the state elections in Ontario last week the New Democrat Party, led by Bob Rae, swept to an unexpected victory over the Liberals. Rae is no admirer of Black and in the past has exhibited considerable hostility to the Montreal moosehead.

When Black took over the Dom Group in Canada some years ago he also gained control of its pension funds. As he cut overmanning and effected huge layoffs, the funds available to remaining staff through the pension fund left a surplus of some \$60 million (Canadian). Black decided these surplus funds were the company's, and it was only through the energetic activity of the employees' union and after protracted battles in the Ontario Supreme Court that he was forced to return the money to the workers through their pension schemes.

As a result of this Bob Rae, the new Ontario premier, described Black as "that most symbolic representative of bloated capitalism at its worst".

ONE OF the two founders of the *Sunday Despondent*, weedy sellotape addict David Lipsey, has jumped ship and taken a senior post at *The Times*.

This may surprise many of Lipsey's former colleagues. As Father of the NUJ chapel at the *Sunday Times* in the period leading up to the Wapping coup, Lipsey was ferocious in his condemnation of Murdoch's plans for dealing with the unions. Hardly a chapel meeting went by without Lipsey warning fellow hacks that the Digger was not to be trusted.

Unfortunately, by the time of the moonlight flit to Wapping, Lipsey had already left to edit *New Society*. But it must be assumed that he would have been a "refusenik".

More recently, at the *Corrie*, Lipsey has made it clear that his opinions have not changed. In the past year he has continually encouraged hacks at the paper to attack Murdoch at every opportunity.

And now he is safely ensconced at Wapping. Has the Digger been consulted?

FOLLOWING £260m losses by his papers and Sky TV in Britain, the Dirty Digger has ordered minions to tighten their belts.

A confidential memo has been sent to the troops in Wapping ordering an immediate cutback on expenses and a scaling down of the style of transport used by senior executives. "With immediate effect, there will be no more travel on Concorde for editors or their staff," the memo storms.

LAST WEEK'S *Sunday Times* went to town on its two-page interview with Soviet spy George Blake in Moscow, conducted by Phillip Knightley. Introducing the article, which was extremely sympathetic and at times downright credulous, Knightley wrote: "It is... important to state that neither the *Sunday Times* nor I paid Blake any money for the interviews, and he did not ask for any."

This disclaimer was, to say the least, disingenuous. It would be equally true to say that Jonathan Cape, publishers of the spy's forthcoming memoirs, have not paid Blake any money — since all proceeds from the book are, in fact, going to Blake's children. Knightley's article was certainly not the disinterested, independent piece of journalism it purported to be. It was the outcome of a deal made by the *Sunset Times* with Cape and Andrew Nurnberg, Blake's London literary agent, whereby the paper would get an "exclusive" interview with the old rogue in return for giving hectares of free publicity — over three consecutive weeks — to his worthless book.

Meanwhile, over at the increasingly cretinous *Sunday Express*, editor Robin "Moron" Morgan also devoted two pages on his paper to an interview with George Blake — ludicrously billed as a "World Exclusive". "Over a period of several weeks," the paper boasted, "the spy who had no shame spoke candidly of his treachery and why he betrayed Britain. BARRIE PENROSE tells the story."

Readers might reasonably assume from this that Barrie Penrose had himself interviewed Blake, on behalf of the *Sunday Getsmuchworse*. But they would be wrong. The story was entirely cobbled together from the transcript of an interview given by Blake to Tom Bower, which is to be broadcast next Wednesday — two days after Blake's book is published. The only recognition of this source came in a small footnote mentioning that "on 19 September, BBC's *Inside Story* will broadcast an exclusive interview with George Blake."

How exclusive can you get?

CAP'N BOB is already being sued by an ex-employee of *The European*, aka *Le Pisse-pauvre* — former managing director Robin McKichan.

McKichan's first humiliation came before the launch when Maxwell put staff on a war footing and, one day in his absence, commandeered McKichan's office. Finding the door to the office locked, Cap'n Bob ordered it to be broken down. A set of valuable hunting prints given to McKichan as a leaving present by his previous employers, the *International Herald Tribune*, subsequently disappeared from the walls of the office and have not been seen since.

The crunch came, however, when McKichan remonstrated with Cap'n Bob that they should publish the paper's circulation figures. This came after an adverse report in the *Evening Standard*, which had been told by *The Pisspoorean's* leprechaun-like deputy editor Peter Miller that circulation was crumbling. McKichan wanted to publish the figures (which had fallen from a high of approximately 500,000 at the time of the launch to somewhere "north of 300,000"). Maxwell didn't agree and began to refer to McKichan openly as "a blanc-mange". McKichan was suspended, though Maxwell later asked *Pisspoorean* editor Ian Watson to tell McKichan that he could come back and that they would kiss and make up. McKichan has so far declined this big-hearted offer.

Cap'n Bob has since announced that *The Pisspoorean* is selling 340,000 copies per week. However, this figure comes from a market research company owned by Cap'n Bob.

MEANWHILE *The Pisspoorean's* impartial coverage of national and international events is seemingly being hampered by the multifarious business activities of its proprietor.

A couple of weeks ago, when speculation about the future of *The Sunday Correspondent* was at its highest, *The Pisspoorean* prepared a back-of-the-book feature about the *Corrie's* plans to go tabloid and yet remain a quality paper. *The European* angle, of course, was that other European countries already have quality tabloids, or qualoids.

The problem was that Cap'n Bob, who was a minor shareholder in the *Corrie*, had stated that it would have to go downmarket — a view not shared by the *Corrie's* management who are definitely planning a "qualoid". *The Pisspoorean's* feature on qualoids was an "early" page and had already gone to the printers when, on instructions from the publisher, it was pulled.

Similarly a feature about Turkey, explaining how President Ozal was in trouble domestically for overriding parliament in deciding to switch off the Iraqi oil pipeline, was also removed from the paper. Mr Maxwell is contemplating a number of major acquisitions in the country, including the acquisition of a newspaper from President Ozal.

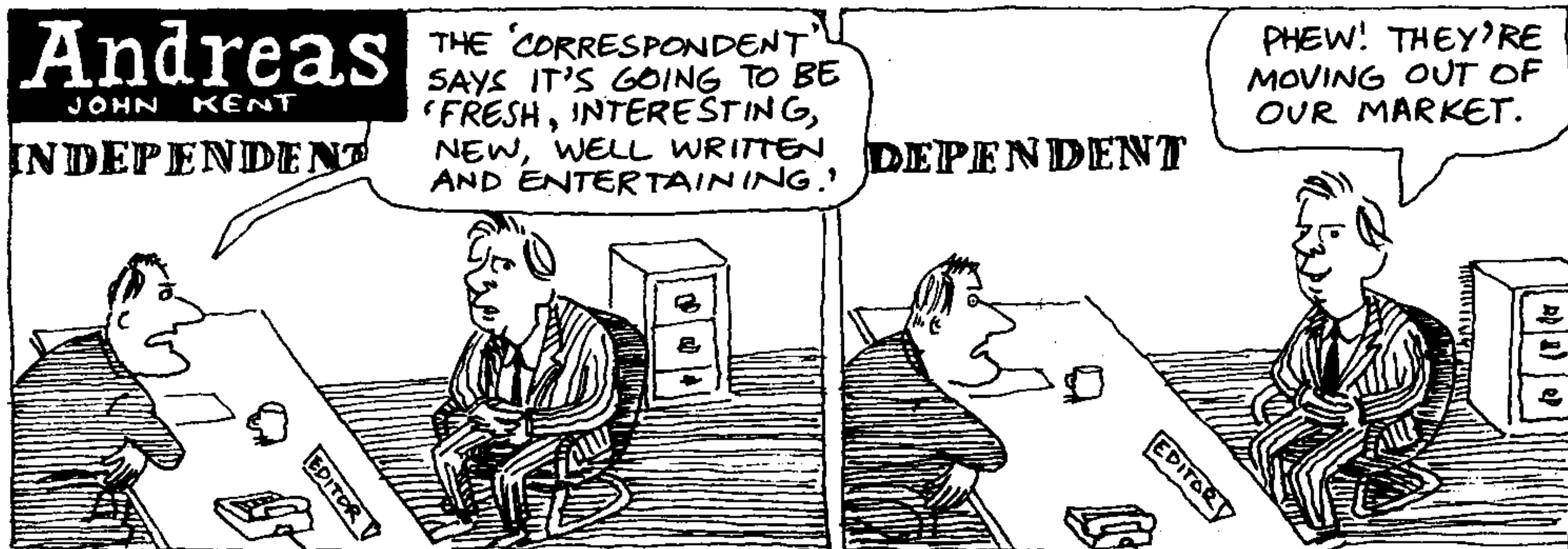
PS: In *Eye* 749 we reported Cap'n Bob's generosity towards students at the Berlitz language schools in London, who are receiving free copies of *The European* at the rate of three copies per student. Now we can report that the Cap'n's generosity is unbounded by national frontiers: Berlitz students in Madrid are also receiving free copies of *The Pisspoorean* and showing as little interest in the rag as their London counterparts.

ONLY TWO people have failed to join the general rejoicing which greeted the resignation last week of Julie Spencer as editor of *The Field*, part of the Rothermere empire.

One is Patrick Fong, the exotic Fijian art editor with whom Spencer has spent every weekend discussing hunting affairs in the magazine's Windsor offices; and the other is Spencer's "editorial consultant", Wilson "Slimy" Stephens.

In fact Stephens has effectively (or not) edited *The Field* for her since she took on the job 2½ years ago with no contributors — they all left when Simon Courtauld was sacked for tripling the circulation — and fewer ideas.

Stephens, now 78, who first became editor 40 years ago and presided over the magazine's decline, saw his chance to slink back and fill *The Field* under all manner of pseudonyms with absurdly reactionary articles. Unsurprisingly, they did nothing to improve sales. Now Spencer's departure will at least enable her successor to send the unloved Stephens into long overdue retirement.



IT'S AMAZING HOW LONG THOSE CDS LAST

DAVE
SIMON
1965
1990
RIP



THE imminent release of the film *Presumed Innocent* will bring yet more fame and money to the already much-hyped and hugely-rich Scott Turow. Just as they did with the book, publicists and critics are gushing about the "sensationally original" twist in the plot.

This "twist" is as follows. (Anyone who doesn't want to know who dunnit should stop here.) A man's mistress is found murdered, with his semen in her vagina. Naturally he is assumed to be the culprit. Only at the end do we learn that his jealous wife was in fact the killer: she removed his sperm from her own vagina, kept it refrigerated, carried out the murder and then inserted the semen into the dead woman with a syringe in order to frame her husband.

Ingenious, maybe, but not original. No reviewer seems to have noticed that this is precisely the plot of *The Lady Killer*, by the Japanese crime novelist Masako Togawa, which was published in 1963 and has for some years been available in an English translation.

There is no truth in the rumour that Scott Turow's next book will be called *Budgie The Little Helicopter Pleads the Fifth Amendment*.

MY FRIEND George Carey, the Archbishop-elect of Canterbury — or leader of "the Jesus Movement", as he prefers to be known — has decided not to speak to the press until next year. "He will not be giving any interviews," Lambeth Palace told one upmarket newspaper that inquired recently. "Nor has he given any."

But this is not quite true. He did give one interview — to the *Sun*, a newspaper whose only previous interest in religion was during the Gareth Bennett affair. Why should the Digger's porn-sheet succeed where papers such as the *Telegraph* and *Independent* have failed?

It surely can't be because George heard that the *Sun* was preparing to run a long interview with his daughter's estranged husband, and hastily offered a deal whereby Kelvin could have an exclusive interview with the Archbishop in return for a discreet silence on the embarrassing topic of the son-in-law?

No, surely not. So why did he do the interview? Alas, neither the *Sun* nor Lambeth Palace can tell me.

● I AM laid low by a violent bout of indigestion on hearing of an incident involving London's rudest cook, Marco-Pierre White, and Miss Kate Sissons, a scribe from the *Daily Mail*.

Miss Sissons was innocently "doorstep-ping" the grumpy gourmet at his new girlfriend's home in Tite Street, Chelsea, when, having been told that he was not there, she was surprised to see White gazing from an upper window.

Moments later a car drew up in the street and disgorged four ruffians carrying buckets. Miss Sissons retired to her car only to watch in horror as the four men produced flour and water and proceeded to cover her vehicle in a deliciously light, frothy bechamel sauce.

Battered but unbowed, Miss Sissons was greatly relieved when another car pulled up containing plain-clothes policemen, who arrested the miscreants. Strangely, it transpired that the thugs worked in the kitchens of Harvey's, the restaurant run by Marco-Pierre. Whatever can all this mean?

pseud's Corner

I AM very glad that I accepted my invitation to the country last week. Sir William and her ladyship turned out to be extremely nice people and excellent hosts. What a far cry my flat is from the baronial hall set in a vast park with its evening visitations from a herd of fallow deer.

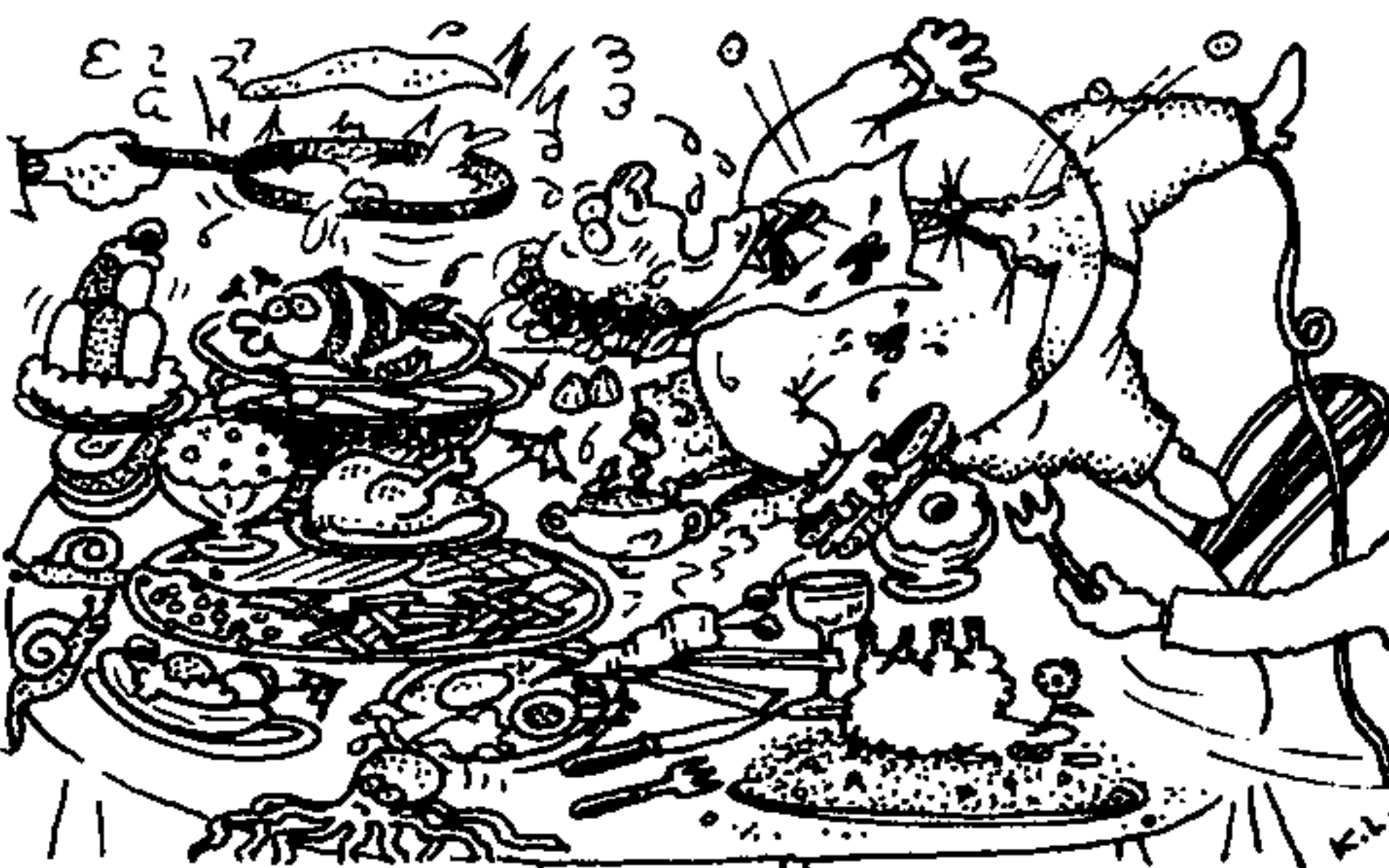
Such nervous creatures. One evening when they drifted over the lawn to collect their daily offerings of scraps from the kitchen I inadvertently frightened two of them away. They were alarmed by the noise of my ice tinkling in the glass I held as I sat watching them. I find it a reassuring noise like distant church bells ringing in an English village.

JEFFREY BERNARD
Sunday Mirror

I AM Karl Marx's ideal hunter, fisher and shooter. I read philosophy in the morning. I record pop music in the afternoon and I argue with friends in the evening.

Life would probably be easier if I was just another interchangeably nice person treading the celebrity route, talking rubbish and giving out pointless personal details, but that's never appealed to me. I'm interested in raising questions and truths about the world and trying to justify them.

PAT KANE (of Hue and Cry)
Scotland on Sunday



Take the cold consommé double aux tomates à la mousse de poivrons. In theory I am a soup man. In practice I rarely order it. The double consommé came unbidden as my first course and, to be frank, I was gobsmacked. There was a layer of red pepper mousse at the base of the cup, kept in place by no more than its own weight and the concentration of the consommé; on it were four diamonds of aubergine skin. At the median level were two quenelles of tomato, bound with a little oil and vinegar. Surrounding all was the sublime tomato juice, the concentration of which created an intermediate stage between viscous and jellied. It was shot through with threads of coriander. All was freshness and light, and each of the main constituents could be tasted. It was just mind-bogglingly good, and exemplified Mr Blanc's brand of cooking... And so it went, through 14 courses.

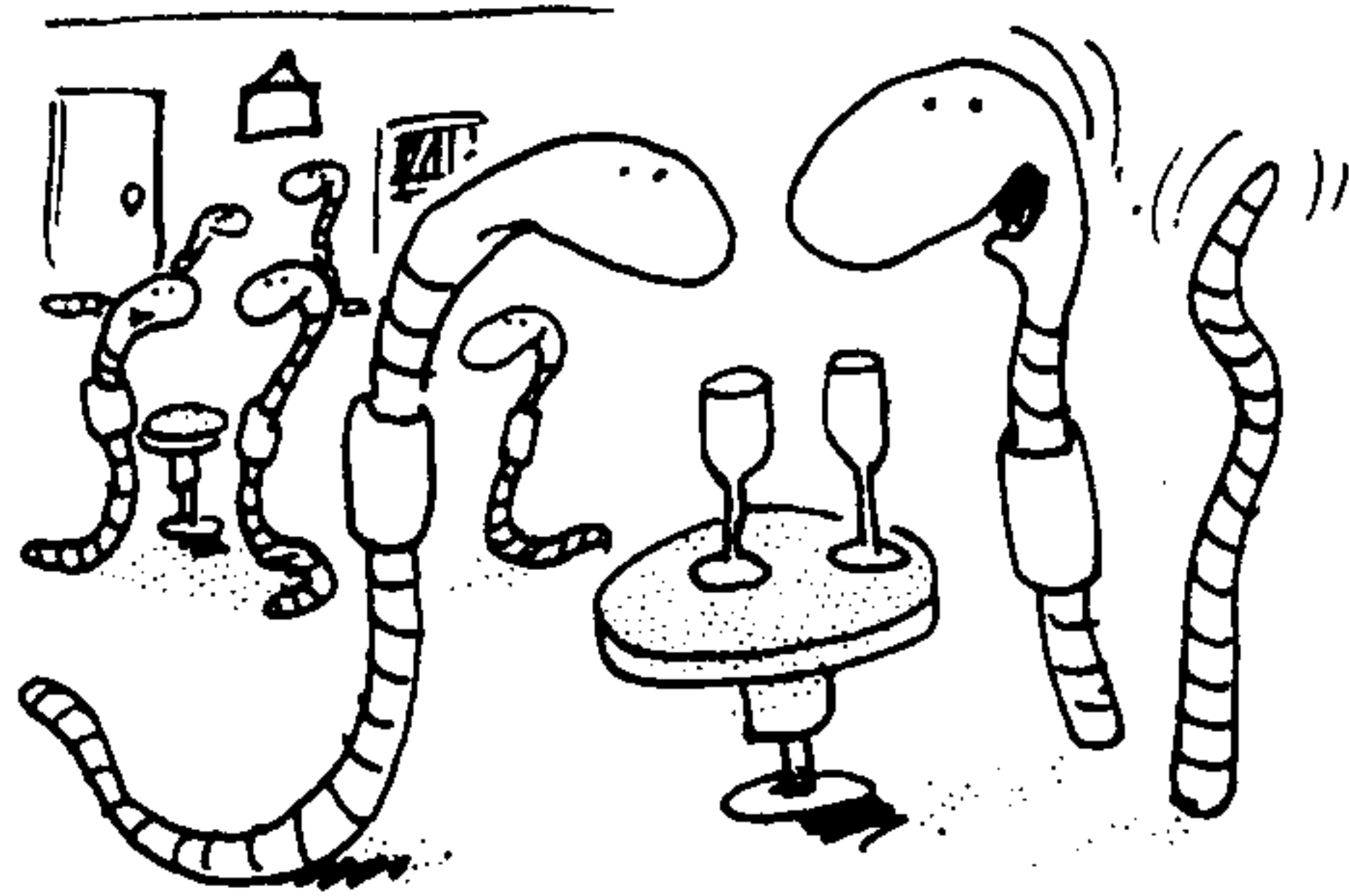
MATTHEW FORT
Tatler

She [Megan Players] and her boyfriend have more or less withdrawn from the modern world. She hopes, as a result of their philosophies and strict, Earth-loving lifestyle, that her son will grow up to be a "sensitive, aware and gentle person. When I was pregnant with Elias I felt I was an incredibly important person — not me, Megan Players, but me as a mother. If I wanted to pee in the middle of the motorway, then I'd just squat... I felt so privileged to be a mother. I mean, men can't do this. I felt such respect for other mothers that they could. I felt united with all mammal mothers."

DAISY WAUGH
Sunday Correspondent

CONTRIBUTORS: David Francis, David Bartley, Miss C.L. McKiel, Sean Steele.

£10 paid for entries



"Let me introduce my other half"

I AM greatly astonished — as are local people — that a second off-licence has been opened in sober Dulwich Village.

It is a branch of Oddbin's and is only four doors from the long established John Barnett, which until now has satisfied the Bacchanalian needs of the villagers more than adequately.

Villagers would have preferred some other kind of business — a Thai body-to-body massage emporium, perhaps — but the the Dulwich Estates governors, who control this part of the world, seem to have been better informed.

One of their number is Sir Robin Butler, secretary to the Cabinet, and he must have realised that one off-licence cannot possibly hold sufficient stock to satisfy the needs of his convivial golfing companion, Denis Thatcher, whose arrival in the village is expected imminently.

THE behaviour of the Royal Shakespeare Company's director-designate Adrian Noble is causing much concern among the luvvies.

Having already sacked his three longest-serving associate directors 10 months before he takes up the post, he has now caused the departure of the theatre world's most respected casting agent, Joyce Nettles, and her assistant.

The reason? The ignoble Noble, I learn, has insisted that an actress called Joanne Pearce be cast in several major roles in the RSC's next season. The head of casting refused and resigned over the issue. If I remember correctly, the brilliant Adrian lives with an actress called... Joanne Pearce.

● MY FRIEND Harold Pinter is in something of a tizzy over *Vanity Fair*'s recent, rather tame, profile of him in honour of his 60th birthday.

Before it came out, he had also agreed to an exclusive interview in a British publication, *The Guardian*. This had taken great pains to arrange: Pinter had the right to approve the choice of interviewer and agreed to have Polly Toynbee. He also demanded to see the questions in advance. However, when the *Vanity Fair* piece appeared, he cancelled the *Grauniad* interview, saying that he never wanted to speak to the press again.

Dear old Harold is clearly beginning to lose his marbles. Last year he exploded with rage at Penny Mortimer, John Mortimer's wife, when she told him that she had enjoyed the film *Scandal*, about the Profumo affair. Penny stood her ground and in characteristic fashion Harold stormed out of the room, followed by his wife, Lady Antonia Fraser.

A few minutes later, Lady Antonia returned and said Harold was sorry. She explained that he was very sensitive on the subject because he feared that someone may choose to make a film like *Scandal* about them one day.

WHILE Britain and America discover hitherto unsuspected democratic virtues in Kuwait and Saudi Arabia, Jordanians are still jealous at the oil state's once enviable lifestyle. Thus have wags in Amman taken out newspaper advertisements saying: "Sri Lankan family wants Kuwaiti maid." How tasteless!

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS

WHAT IS IT about islands that encourages vandalism and philistinism? On the Isle of Man, the "island spirit" so intoxicates the politicians that they are prepared to let developers do just what they want. The Isle of Wight now seems determined to emulate their inspiring example.

On 2 August South Wight Borough Council's planning committee approved the demolition of Cameron House in Freshwater, half of the home of the celebrated Victorian photographer Julia Margaret Cameron, and its replacement by a three-storey block of flats. This is in spite of a year-long campaign to save the building organised by Islandwatch, the local conservation society, and the Farringford Tennyson Society, and supported by Freshwater Parish Council, the county council and the Royal Photographic Society.

Originally, the fate proposed for Cameron House was merely conversion into self-contained flats, but in July the developers suddenly presented a "revised scheme" for outright demolition and replacement. For some reason, this idea greatly took the fancy of the planning officer and the planning committee, which argued in exculpation that "there was not a strong enough argument to retain the existing building, mainly due to excessive extensions which have been allowed on the building next door".



Cameron House, right, Dimbola, left, with linking tower and 60s sun lounge

This neighbour, in fact, is the "Dimbola" Guest House, the other half of the Camerons' home, which retains its original interiors and whose exterior has merely been spoiled by an easily removable 1960s sun lounge.

It should be explained that, in 1860, Charles and Julia Cameron decided to follow the example of their friend Tennyson and move to the Isle of Wight. Mrs Cameron bought two new gothic villas in Terrace Lane in Freshwater near Farringford, the poet laureate's home. These two houses were joined by building a central tower to make one single family home which was named "Dimbola" to recall Charles Cameron's coffee plantations in Ceylon.

Here the Camerons lived until 1875 and here Mrs Cameron set up a makeshift studio in which she made her experiments in photography. It

was here that she produced her striking and extraordinary portraits, not only of her neighbour Tennyson but also of Thomas Carlyle, Charles Darwin, Sir John Herschel, Edward Lear and many other eminent Victorians.

Britain was late in appreciating the importance of the history of photography, but Julia Margaret Cameron is now a celebrated artist whose original prints now command five-figure sums at auction. Any responsible local authority would surely encourage the establishment of a museum in Julia Margaret Cameron's home, which would bring visitors to Freshwater. But the mediocrities, entrepreneurs and Freemasons who unfailingly become Conservative councillors seem concerned only not to impede the market forces that are covering the Isle of Wight with banal blocks of flats and holiday homes.

But South Wight Borough Council is not the only villain in this sorry tale, for the time-serving civil servants at the Department of the Environment have resolutely refused to list Cameron House, claiming that "fifteen years' association with Julia Margaret Cameron is not, by itself, a sufficiently good reason to justify its being listed. The building does not possess any architectural qualities... which might tip the balance in favour of listing." But when Mrs L. Holmes of the listing branch argues that "Very few buildings are listed on the grounds of historic interest alone and Cameron House is simply not special enough to warrant the extra protection that listing affords", she is being a little economical.

Many buildings are listed on account of their famous occupants: boring Downe House, the home of Charles Darwin, for example; or Gad's Hill, the utterly unremarkable house lived in by Dickens for a mere 11 years, which is listed Grade I. And, after all, Julia Margaret Cameron was not only a famous pioneer woman but also the *only* significant Briton, other than Henry Fox Talbot, in the early history of photography.

But, despite the malevolence of local politicians and civil servants, there is a glimmer of hope. The developer has allowed a stay of execution to allow local groups to raise money to buy Cameron House. I wish them luck.

'Piloti'

campaign



In everything that she does, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa combines a remarkable liveliness and spontaneity with an absolute obsession with perfection.

She delights in Strauss and Mozart "because the women in their operas are contradictory: warm and cool at the same time." Two of her favourite roles, for example, are the sad young Countess in *Le Nozze di Figaro* and the frenzied, passionate Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni*.

Her famous voice is in such worldwide demand that she is booked up for years to come. Will her voice stand the strain? Kiri says, "What you have to remember is to give quality, not quantity."

For many years, Rolex has shared that same obsession. "My Rolex," says Kiri, "is more than just a watch, it also makes me feel dressed. It has been a friend for a long time."



Contributor: H.M. Saiowitz.

All dismal advertising gratefully received. £10 paid for entries printed.

Sporting Life

NEW FROM headquarters suggests that this year's Grand National winning rider, the spiffingly Corinthian Marcus Armytage, has been axed as Newmarket correspondent of the *Racing Post*.

Young Muffy, or Fluffy, or whatever it was his nubile sister and supermum kept calling him during the great race, has apparently fallen foul of his editorial bosses, Michael Harris and John Lovesey. They have become less and less enchanted by his Simon Sherwood prose style and lack of diligence. They would like to see him spending more time in his pyjamas and dressing gown reporting on the early morning two year olds on Newmarket Heath and less time jumping on aeroplanes to participate in gentlemen's amateur rider contests halfway round the world.

Last month the errant Marcus was summoned to Raynes Park for what old military hands call "a chat without coffee". Told that he would have to mend his ways or else, he declined to sign a written confession. Neither would he express passionate enthusiasm for getting up at 5 am. Consequently he has been axed from the end of the current flat racing season.

Anyone hoping for improved Newmarket coverage, however, may be somewhat bemused by his successor, one Geoffrey Faber. The 29-year-old Faber, described by one former associate as "red-faced, prematurely balding and mad as a hatter" has only recently returned from a five-month visit to Australia. Before that he served as assistant trainer to Luca Cumani and also to the great hearty himself, Sir Mark Prescott.

It was in the latter job that he seems to have acquired a rather unsavoury reputation with some of the younger stable lads and apprentices. It's well known that Prescott, who turns out his share of winners each year, albeit rarely in the better class of races, is generally more interested in blood sports such as hare coursing and cock fighting — not to mention a spot of bare knuckle fist fighting — than he is in racing. Who can ever forget him informing the world a few years ago that hares raised on coursing estates enjoy 364 days of blissful happiness.

And on the other day? Well, they just have to run like smoke!

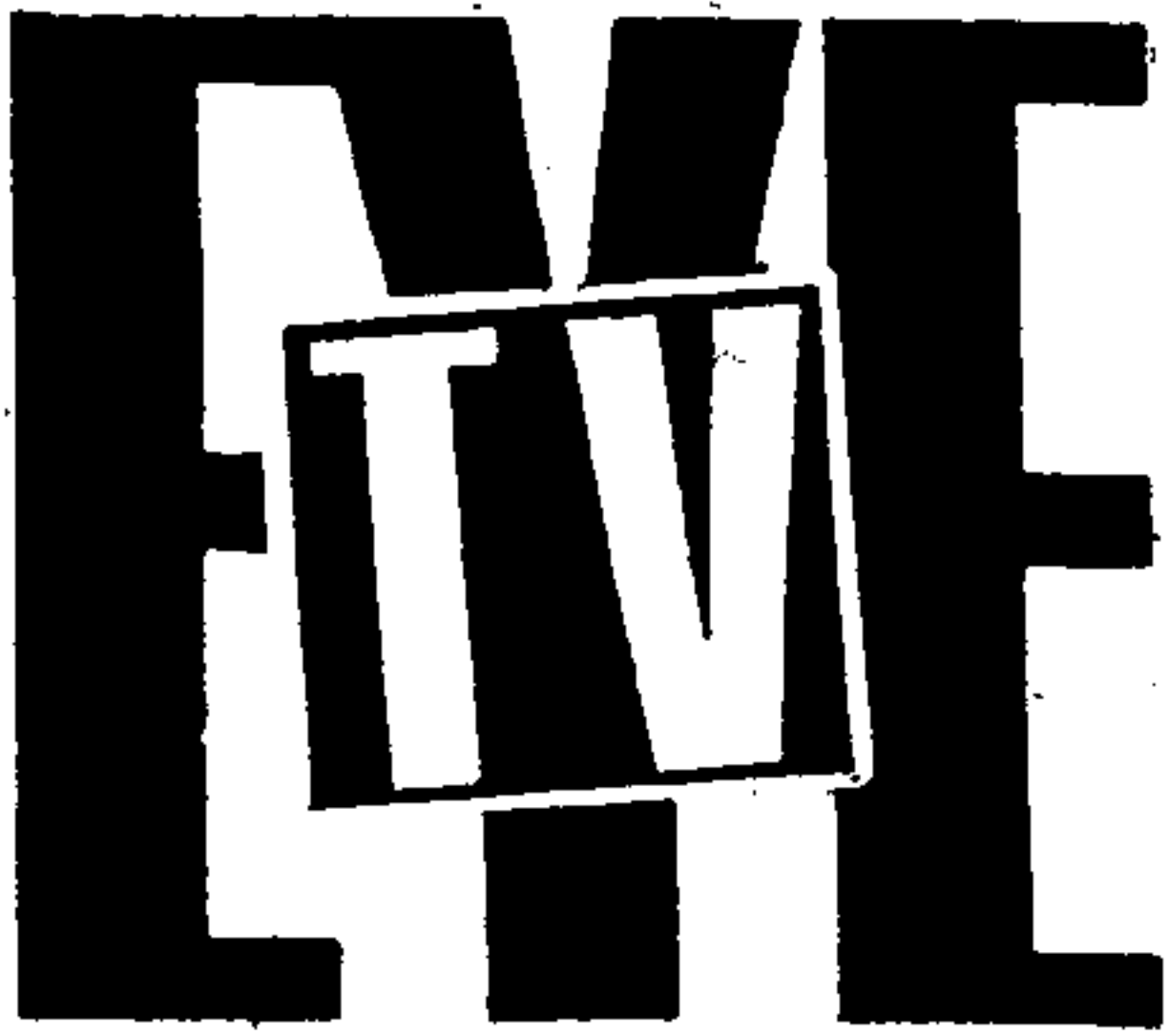
Not long after Faber joined Sir Mark's employ he was left in charge of the yard one weekend while Prescott popped off up North on one of his sporting forays. That Saturday night Sir Mark phoned in to see how things were going. No problems at all, Geoffrey is reputed to have told him. "I caught a couple of apprentices trotting out of the yard after evening stables..." [Prescott's lads are under strict orders at all times to walk, not run. Might frighten the horses, don't you know] "...so I locked them in the chicken coop."

"Good," responded Sir Mark. The chicken coop in question, usually the home of Sir Mark's fighting cocks, was of course conveniently empty at the time and in it the lads stayed until well after dark. At one point Faber received a deputation from the anxious housekeeper in charge of the lads' hostel who thought the pair should be let out for supper. No, said Faber. It'll do them good to go without. The culprits were finally released shortly before midnight.

Quite why the *Post* believes that this sort of Do-theboys Hall approach is the ideal pedigree for a racing correspondent is hard to fathom.

'Major Bonkers'





Trivial Pursuit

(BBC 1)

CATEGORY: ENTERTAINMENT

Q: Why have television producers taken to making television versions of popular boardgames?

A: Because they have run out of Radio 4 shows capable of being adapted for the small screen.

Q: Why have televised board games (*Cluedo*, and now *Trivial Pursuit*) appeared within weeks of each other?

A: Because television executives have no imagination.

Q: Why have television executives no imagination?

A: Because they are too busy trying to find radio shows and board games to adapt to television.

THE NEWS that the BBC is to bring back *The Generation Game* and *Up Pompeii* was greeted with disdain by television executives. Not because they object to the stunning lack of imagination which brought about the decision, but because it would have taken most of them another decade to come up with anything twice as unoriginal.

Mike Bolland, late of Channel 4 (Sports and Leisure: **Q:** Who is Mike Bolland? **A:** I don't know), was pretty damning in *Today* newspaper. Writing just before this year's disastrous television festival in Edinburgh, he lamented the decline of comedy and called for freshness and originality in the fields of light entertainment and comedy. The regurgitation of safe, timeworn formulas came in for particular criticism.

Formulas as safe as *Trivial*

Pursuit, perhaps: the board game that has sold more than 50 million copies worldwide and whose name dribbles off every guest's lips at the breaking wind stage of a dinner party.

It turns out that this is what Bolland means by originality. His company, Initial Film and Television, has just made the TV version of this mindnumbingly boring game for the BBC and it has taken a mere two years to negotiate the rights (Science and Nature: **Q:** What animal manages to convince television companies that forking out vast sums of money

flashing lights and contestants' moves are determined by the rolling of the dice. There are more flashing lights when they answer a question correctly — which is rarely. Contestants are eliminated along the way and the person left at the end must answer questions against the clock (Science and Nature: **Q:** How long is two minutes in *Trivial Pursuit*? **A:** A hell of a long time).

The recently disastrous television of *Cluedo* is a bad omen. Mark Lawson of the *Independent on Sunday* — another Tarzan in a suit — is currently engaged in a



"I demand the right to see a documentary drama maker"

for secondhand goods is of better value than paying half the amount for original ideas? **A:** Animals who know how the BBC operates).

The show's host is Rory McGrath, a sort of Tarzan in a suit, who salivates over the pretty female contestants and sends up the ugly ones along the "You can't help being an ugly thick cow" kind of lines. There is always an element of surprise when a woman opens her mouth, let alone attempts to answer a question; if she gets one right there is a champagne intermission.

The board is a kaleidoscope of

heated legal argument with Stephen Leahy, creator of TV *Cluedo* and hundreds of other devastatingly dull but hugely successful TV gameshows.

The argument rages over the question of whether the "solution" in *Cluedo* — which is correctly guessed at almost exactly the same second each week — has been "fixed" (Colonel Lawson, in the courtroom, with the hammer).

History and Geography: Q: Where does television light entertainment go from here? **A:** Do not pass Go. Do not collect £200.

'Square Eyes'

I-SKY

BRILLIANT Sky News carried the interview with the Foreign Minister of Iraq in the middle of the crisis. They really are more on the ball than BBC and ITN now.

The Sun

CONTRIBUTOR: A. Crisp.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

MEDIA NEWS

HIS amendment to the broadcasting bill may have failed, but the absurd Lord Wyatt of Weevil is not giving up his hectoring campaign against "biased" and "slanted" current affairs programmes on the BBC.

Last Wednesday he had a letter in *The Times* whingeing on about the subject, and on Sunday he turned up on the *Media Show* attacking producers and presenters "who want to peddle their own political opinions." What is often forgotten — not least by Wyatt himself, it seems — is that the man delivering these self-righteous, moralising harangues was himself once a BBC producer and journalist. In the 1950s Woodrow Wyatt regularly presented *Panorama*. How scrupulous was he?

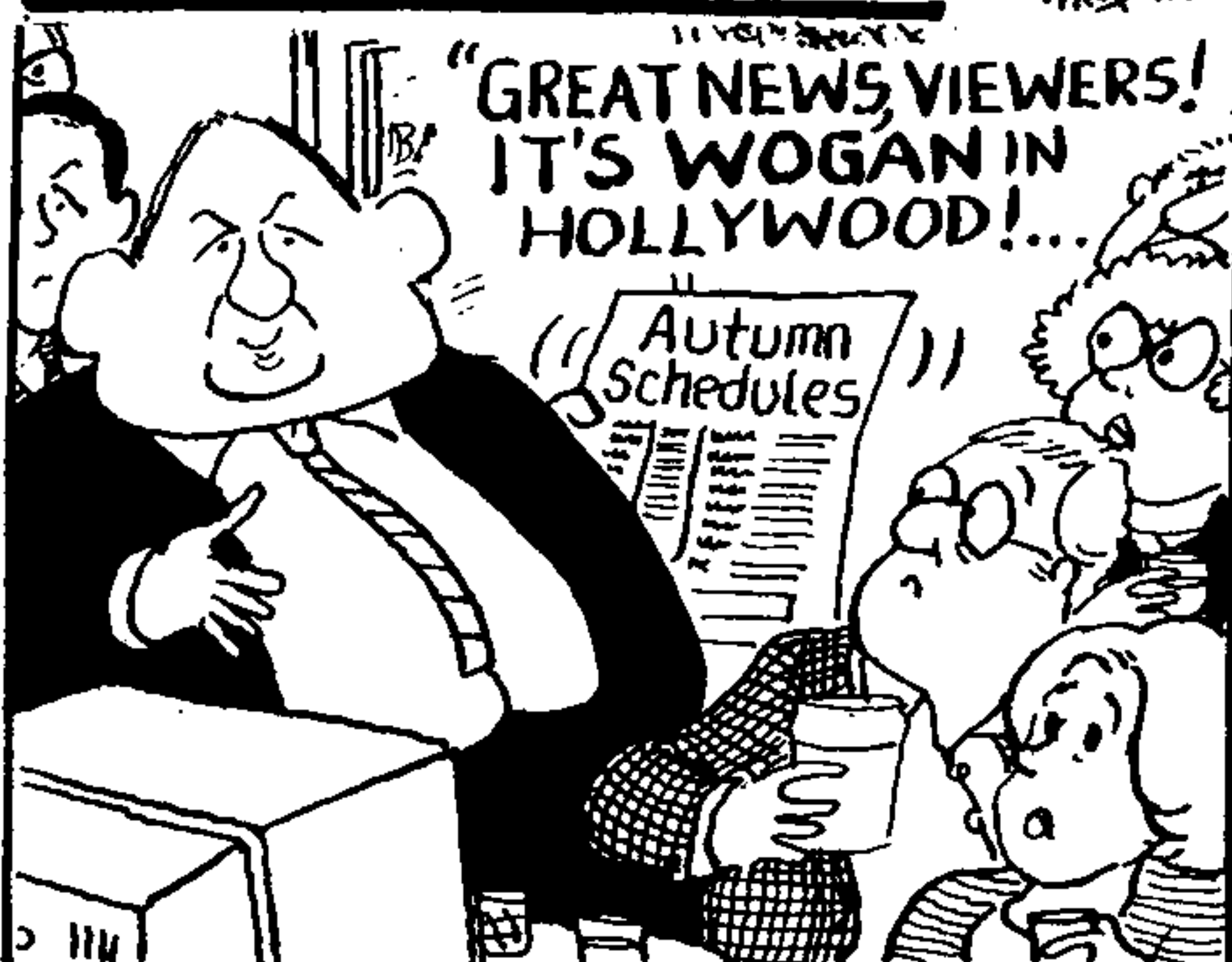
In his memoirs, published five years ago, Wyatt admitted that on *Panorama* he asked "firm questions" and "would not let the interviewee dodge them". His interviewing "set a new style, making the viewer feel that the interviewees were fallible just like the rest of us".

Nor did he try to keep his political prejudices out of the programme. Take, for example, his *Panorama* report from South Africa in the summer of 1957. "The South African Government," Wyatt later boasted, "officially protested to the British Government and the BBC. I was pleased about that; it meant they had been hit where it hurt." One can imagine the explosion of outrage from Wyatt today if a BBC hack were to take pride in antagonising a right-wing government. But in the 1950s Wyatt was, of course, still a member of the Labour Party. Today he is a fervent supporter of Mrs Thatcher.

Elsewhere in his memoirs, milord Weevil writes: "Scratch most people, including me, and you will find a snob nestling underneath pretending not to be one." Scratch most politicians who pretend to be against "TV bias", he might have added, and you will find someone who actually wants television that's biased in his direction. It is no coincidence that Wyatt's greatest ally in his campaign over the past few years has been Lord Chalfont who, with his Arslighan documentaries about the Shah of Iran in the 1970s, was himself responsible for some of the most outrageously "unbalanced" programmes ever shown on British television.

CORPORATION STREET W.12

An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk





WHILE THE Gulf crisis rumbles on, the BBC's director of news and current affairs, Tony "Head Prefect" Hall, has something rather more important on his mind: a new logo for his department. He unveiled it last week.

"The brief to our designer," he explained in a message to his staff, "was not an easy one — design a symbol that can reflect the BBC's reputation for the reliability of its journalism, it should be able to represent both radio and television... it should have authority without being arrogant and be modern and dynamic." The final design would be used on stationery and screen. "It would also need to be suitable for more lighthearted use," he added mysteriously.

BBC news chiefs are increasingly fond of these fatuous exercises. Only a couple of years ago, *Eye* readers will recall, the designer Martin Lambie-Nairn was brought in to provide a new 10-second sequence of opening titles for the *Nine O'Clock News* — at a fee of £250,000. This time the corporation has economised slightly by using its in-house graphic design department — but only slightly. No fewer than three designers — plus their department head, Andy Davy — have been toiling on the project since January.

After all those months, they have come up with — well, what is it? Let Andy Davy explain: "The symbol represents a broadcasting mast together with an angled satellite dish and aerial. Running up the mast to the dish is an energy beam. The two discrete but combined elements represent both receiving and transmitting and the bi-media nature of News and Current Affairs." Worth every penny, wouldn't you say?

SINCE last week *Thames News* bulletins on ITV have had a "newsroom background" chroma-keyed behind the newscaster, as on the BBC's *Nine O'Clock News*. But it seems there are teething troubles.

"There's got to be some discipline within the newsroom during transmissions," wails the programme's editor, Rob Kirk, in an urgent memo to staff. "Too much movement behind the newscaster will be a distraction: camera-gazing, crotch-scratching, nose-picking, fornication on desks and waving to Mum will be specifically banned."

A simpler solution, of course, would be to abolish the distraction altogether by putting the newscaster in front of a neutral background, as before. But this would be heretically old-fashioned. The received wisdom now is that television news must have its unappealing innards displayed to the outside world — "like a Richard Rogers building", as one disgruntled hack put it.

BBC Radio One's news coverage is causing major rifts between the near-pensioners who run the newsroom and the youthful 50-year-olds in charge of *Newsbeat*.

Newsbeat, led by Bob Doran, wants to keep the mainly teenage audience tuned in through the news-slots with more youthful language and more trivia and pop stories. The newsroom, led by John "Grey Man" Williams and John "Two Teas" Allen, is determined to preserve the BBC's "traditional news values."

"This is the BBC and we have to maintain its values," a purple-faced Allen told a recent joint meeting of the two sides called to try to reduce mounting hostility.

He and Williams dismissed audience figures showing catastrophic drops in listening figures in the big cities where commercial competition is growing fast. The result is a stand-off with the *Newsbeat* team a floor below at Broadcasting House.

LORD Young's tedious memoirs state that he once telephoned John Birt, the BBC's deputy director-general, to complain about an edition of the *Six O'Clock News* in which the Labour Party got six-and-a-half minutes' coverage to one minute for the Tories.

Birt apparently responded that he would wait to watch the bulletin himself on the *Nine O'Clock News*. When the later show came on, amazingly it contained seven-and-a-half minutes on the Tories and one minute on Labour.

Is Birt going to sue Lord Young over the clear suggestion that he gave in to external pressure? Or was it someone higher up in the BBC?

WORLD OF HYPE

IT IS encouraging to see Michael Peters still in good spirits despite the ignominious collapse of the Michael Peters Group last month.

Peters, hitherto the doyen of the World of Hype, gushed in a farewell letter to former clients last week: "I have been overwhelmed by the messages of good will from so many of you in and outside the design and advertising profession, not forgetting so many clients we have worked with over the years..."

Sadly there was one group of people Michael forgot in his hypogram: the more than 200 unsecured creditors of MPG who, according to receivers Arthur Andersen, are unlikely ever to be paid.

Still, Michael was probably too busy deciding what to do with the £150,000 golden hello he received when part of his empire was snaffled up by the Craton Lodge & Knight Group.

MPG, readers may recall, was the packaging to propaganda conglomerate that designed the Conservative Party's flaming torch emblem. When Michael burnt his fingers through rapid over-expansion, one MPG regular commented: "It couldn't have happened to a nicer man."

GRANDPARENTS' Day, scheduled for 22 September, is the latest synthetic wheeze to limp from an adman's pen.

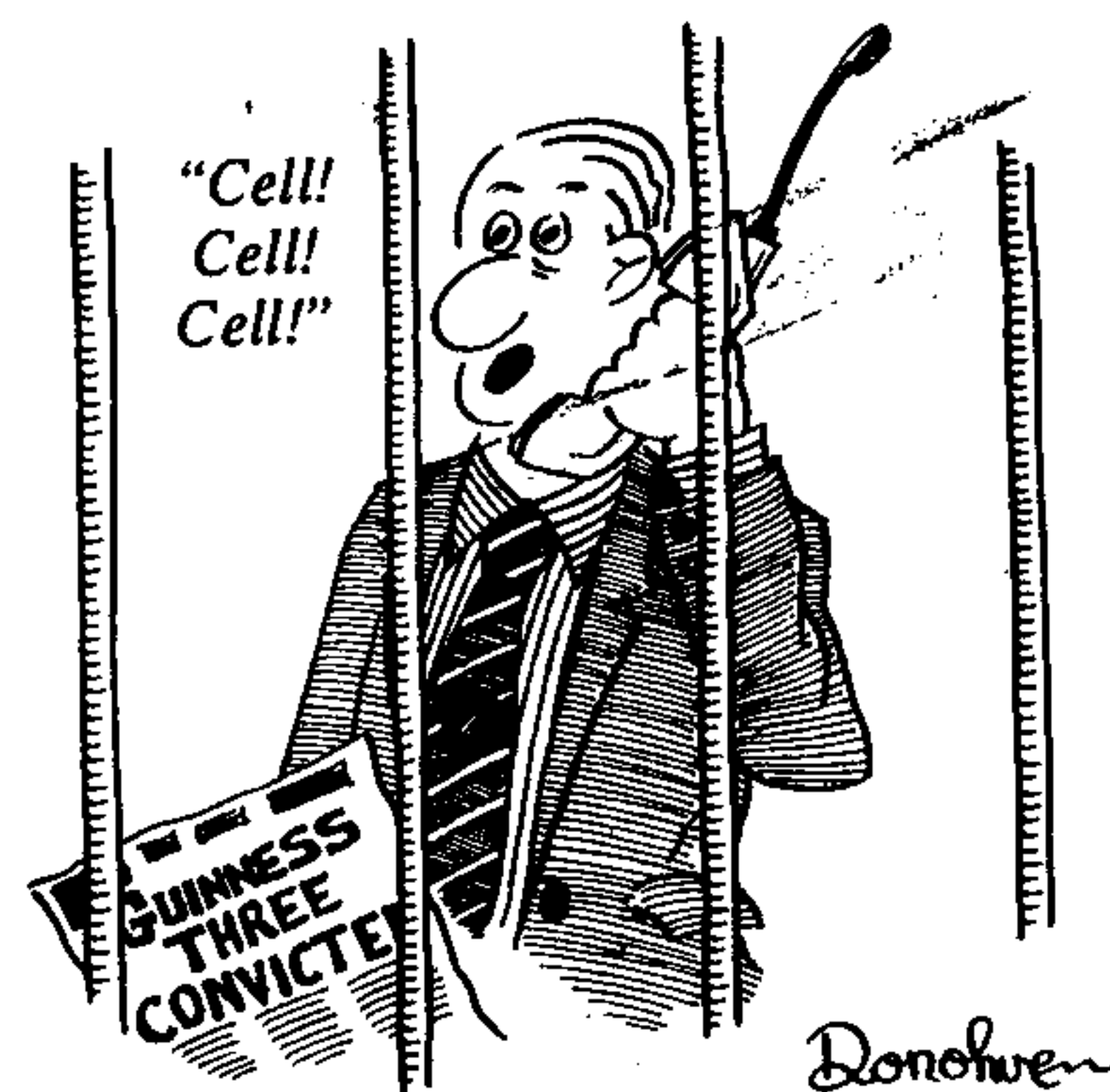
The charity Age Concern will benefit financially from its take-up, but scarcely able to contain their delight are commercial interests already counting the kiddies' pocket money as it rattles into the tills. Chief among them are Hallmark, Cadbury's, Interflora and the children's favourite, Woolies — sponsoring the "Age Concern Grandparent of the Year".

GREAT CONMEN OF TODAY NO. 94

AFTER several years' silence, the notorious charlatan and Roman Catholic convert Wilfred De'Ath has reemerged from the shadows.

Back in the early 1980s, De'Ath, a former BBC producer, contributed religious and cultural items to several publications, including this one. Eventually the *Eye* was obliged to publicise his misdeeds, which included welching on debts and blackmail.

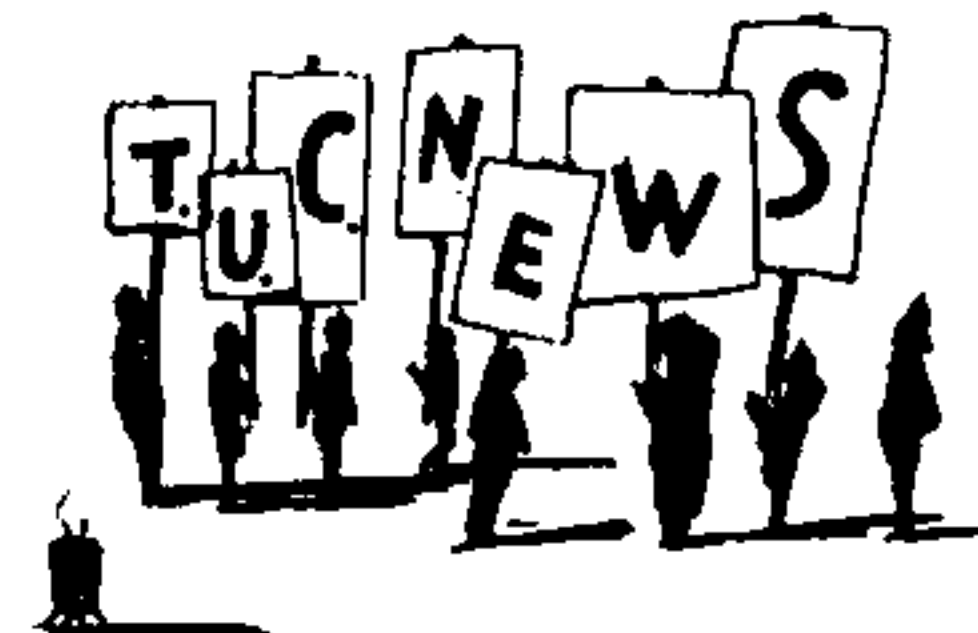
Lately De'Ath (or "Baron Corvo", as he is sometimes known) has been sojourning in the village of Charlbury, Oxfordshire. During July, he arrived to stay one weekend in The Bell Hotel.



However, he was recognised by the owners in the village bookshop as the same Wilfred De'Ath who had borrowed some money on a long-term (ie forever) basis from a friend of theirs in Oxford. They duly issued warnings around the village that this man was not to be trusted.

De'Ath's reaction was to phone the bookshop claiming to be a solicitor and threatening to issue slander writs against the owners. De'Ath subsequently returned to The Bell, where he stayed for most of August, eating in the restaurant and drinking in the bar. He ran up a bill of around £1,200. On the Monday morning that De'Ath was scheduled to leave, the hotel proprietor went up to his room at 7 am to ask what method of payment he would be using. But De'Ath had already flown the nest and had left a note asking the proprietor to forward the bill to Opera North in Leeds.

Meanwhile, the *Eye* has made inquiries of Opera North. De'Ath is indeed writing a book about a year in the life of the opera company, but he is not employed by them and they will certainly not be meeting any bill for £1,200. He has a commission from publishers Andrew Deutsch, so perhaps the proprietor of The Bell should make inquiries about De'Ath's whereabouts with them.



ON FRIDAY 7 September the *Daily Mirror* published an editorial on the Pergamon dispute under the heading "The Lies about Pergamon".

Pergamon, as *Eye* readers well know, is a publishing company controlled by Robert Maxwell, proprietor of *Mirror*. For the past 18 months, the People's Paper has systematically censored all coverage of the dispute, while Cap'n Bob has libel actions pending against the *Daily Mail*, *Today*, *The Independent*, *The Guardian* and the *Morning Star* for their coverage of the Pergamon strikers' protest at last year's Labour Party conference.

The *Mirror*'s recent editorial purported to nail the lies of the Pergamon 23 and their supporters, but it was itself a farrago of lies. It said the 23 were not striking for NUJ recognition. Well no; but then they never said they were: the strike was about the right to be represented by the NUJ. And the editorial claimed that the TUC's Norman Willis, the T&GWU's Ron Todd, and the NUJ's Harry Conroy have all recommended that the strikers accept Maxwell's offer of financial settlement as just.

Only a few weeks ago Conroy was obliged to write to Maxwell correcting the false impression that the obese publisher was giving to third parties. Conroy explained that, while he accepted that "reinstatement is not possible" he did not regard the financial offer as a just settlement.

"A future Labour government is committed to halt such practices [ie sacking employees for holding a 24-hour official strike] and such actions would not be allowed in most European countries. I believe you support the concept of a common European home... If they had been employed in Denmark, Germany or France you could not have sacked them... I end by requesting you not to suggest to a third party that I thought the solution offered was a just settlement. I only recommended it on the basis that within the restrictions of the present British trade union laws there was little I or my union could do to achieve a just settlement. So, once again I ask you to reinstate my Pergamon members who only seek the rights given to Polish or Israeli workers."

HELLO! IN THE NEXT ISSUE

The Magazine They're All Talking About!



Don't miss PRIVATE EYE's full colour centre-pages 'special'

DRUGS NEWS

THOSE who hoped a fresh new chapter was about to begin in Colombia following the election last month of President Caesar Gaviria are already disappointed.

Though the sexually adventurous Don Caesar (he shops on both sides of the street) is the country's new leader, Colombia is still owned and run by the cocaine barons. Indeed, it was only because they and their Israeli mercenaries shot the real Liberal Party candidate, Louis Carlos Galan, last year that Caesar is in power at all.

So far there is no sign that the barons are in any way willing to give up their successful exports of white powder. Until they do, Columbia will be

more easily controlled by them than the government.

Government forces did kill Rodriguez Gacha, one of the big shots of the Medellin cocaine cartel, last December; but Fabio Ochoa, the other big Medellin boss, remains elusively at large. General Miguel Maza, the police chief, said Ochoa was surrounded and cut off in the jungle in July, but he somehow escaped. This could have something to do with the fact that the army almost always rings up before it attacks.

Meanwhile ordinary Colombians scratch their heads. Why do they hear so little about the police and the army going after the cocaine cartel in Cali? And what happened to all the US navy ships which were supposed to sit there in the Caribbean and stop any boat that looked as if it had cocaine on board? No one knows.

Sally Deedes

HOSE fed up with the time-consuming errors made by their banks could be well-advised to follow the example of a Londoner, Mr Bateman.

Bedevilled by a series of mistakes by Lloyd's Bank, he decided to adopt the policy of no longer accepting apologies and instead demanded compensation for the time he spent unravelling the mistakes. He believes that if more people demanded recompense, standards might improve.

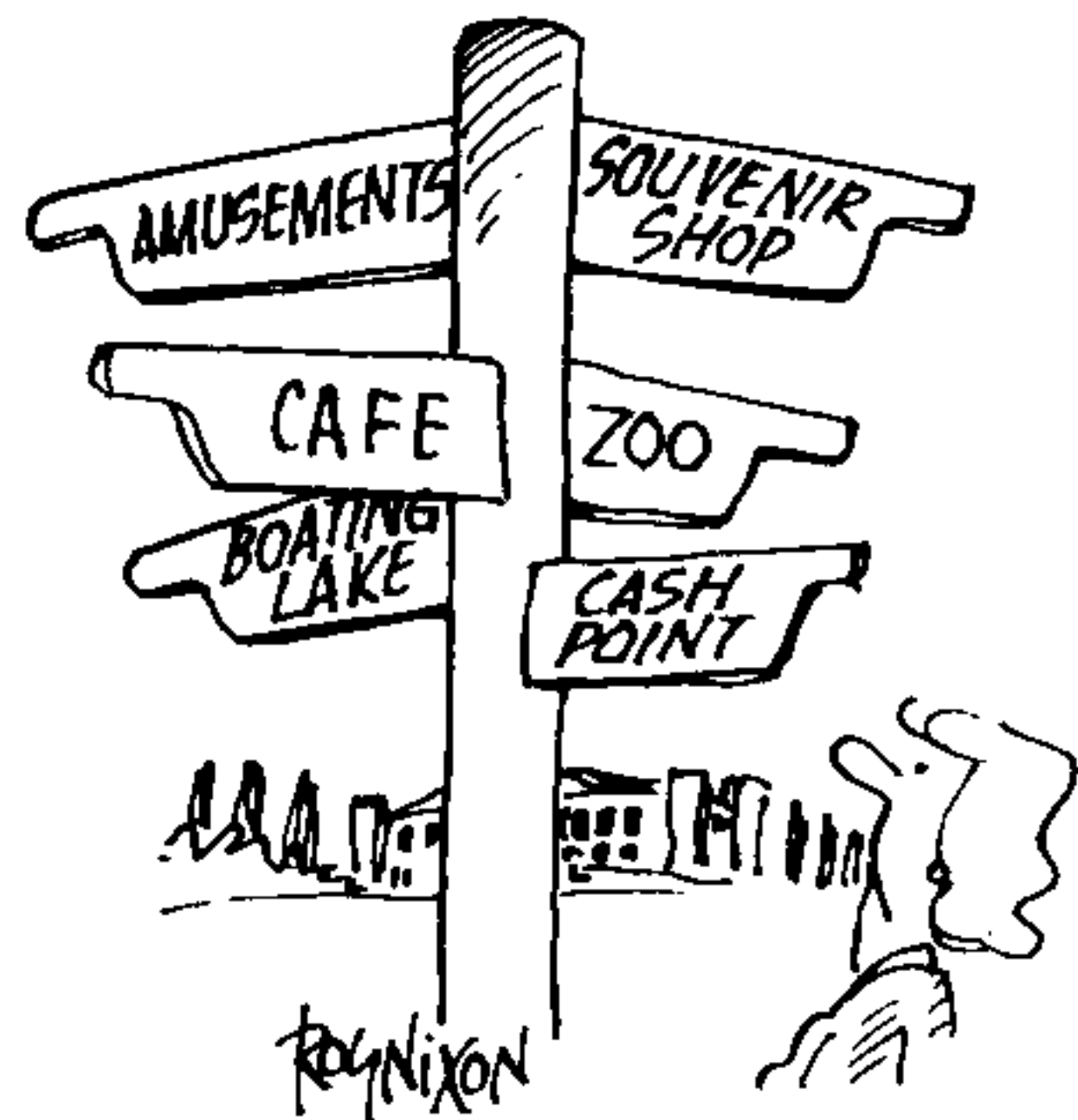
The first error was a transfer from a deposit account to a current account which never happened. Instead the money went in and out of the same account. "We are revising our internal arrangements and will yet again try and ensure that there is no recurrence," the bank said.

Soon after this Mr Bateman discovered that a bank clerk had revealed confidential financial details over the phone to a member of his staff, concerning an unsigned cheque from himself to his wife. Written confirmation for the cheque had been given the previous day — the instructions delivered via the branch's creditpoint machine. In its defence the bank claimed ignorance of the direction since the machine would not have been emptied until 3.30pm the following day!

A month later the bank admitted: "We find that due to an error with our computer codes a queried debit shows up as a counter cheque — we have corrected this and have reccredited your account." Mr Bateman asked for a copy of a letter regarding various deposit accounts but this, unfortunately, had been lost.

Fed up with the errors, his wife transferred her account from Lloyd's to Barclays. Lloyds, however, did not give Barclays details of standing orders relating to the account. "There is no doubt that the errors which you detailed were caused by the branch failing to organise their actions sufficiently to ensure that the transfers were made between your accounts as instructed," came the explanation.

Enough was enough. Mr Bateman demanded compensation for the time spent discussing the various issues and in particular the breach of confidentiality. "The bank takes a different view to which any embarrassment could have arisen — but we are prepared to offer the figure of £250 in full and final settlement", adding that should this persuade Mr Bateman that reference to the banking ombudsman was appropriate, it would withdraw the offer.

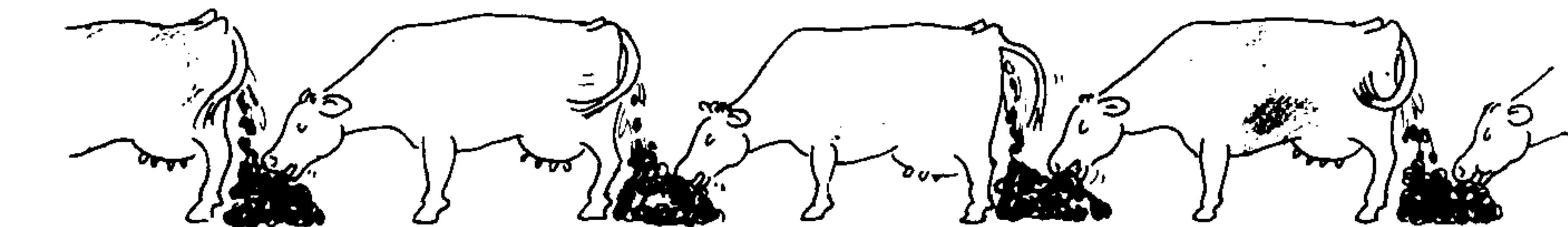


PS from Scotland

ALL IS NOT well on Maggie's Farm now that she has appointed Michael Forsyth as her chief sheep dog north of the border.

Sacked as chairman of the Scottish Tory Party, Forsyth was simultaneously promoted to become Minister of State in Charge of Everything — including food, farming and fishing. He was replaced as party chairman by Lord Sanderson — affectionately known as Lord Wallpaper because of his ability to paper over the cracks — who had previously held the farming job.

Wallpaper, a landed Borders man, knew how to fix the Eurocrats and always acted in accordance with the highest principles of the Ministry of Food and Subsidies. Forsyth, however, has got the tartan-wellie brigade quaking in their boots because as a raving free-marketeer he is opposed to subventions and wants farmers stand on their own expensively-shod feet.



FORMER overproduction minister Peter Walker must be relieved to have slunk out of the public arena when he did. The lamb war now causing so much hassle for UK truck drivers in France is largely the result of his ludicrous scramble for growth in the early 1980s.

In his enthusiasm to grab a share of the bloated CAP support fund he dreamt up the idea of a system of cash handouts euphemistically called the variable premium scheme. Under this Alice-in-Wonderland arrangement British sheep farmers had wads of tenners thrust into their hands every time they took lambs to market. Not surprisingly, there are now more sheep on the hills of England and Wales than there are bureaucrats in the Berlaymont.

Like so many Whitehall Place farces the scheme can't be sustained. The overburdened taxpayers of Britain won't wear it. But as the handouts are axed, UK farmers are suddenly faced with having to get rid of the unwanted offspring of an extra six million ewes.

So they've started shipping them in ever greater numbers across the Channel. Understandably, the French, who have gone along producing lambs in sensible numbers to meet a genuine market demand, are objecting. And once more the CAP, far from bringing the nations of Europe together, is setting them at each other's throats.

WALKER's other memorable achievement at the sub-

DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'

sidies department was to exhort British dairy farmers to produce more milk at a time when the cost of the butter mountain was practically bankrupting the EC.

"Let it rip," said Walker in a gleeful double act with his crony Steve Roberts, chairman of the Milk Monopoly Board.

It was in a desperate bid to limit the damage of such selfish national policies that the Brussels bureaucrats slapped on milk quotas and brought red-faced farmers out on to the streets in their hundreds.

But they didn't stay on the streets for long. Unwittingly the bureaucrats had stumbled on an even more effective way to feather-bed farmers. They had created an artificial shortage of milk which sent prices soaring.

So ministers could boast that they'd dealt with surpluses, while consumers were forced to pay inflated prices for milk and dairy products. No wonder dairy farmers have kept strangely silent amid the recent whingeing from beef and sheep farmers.

Of course no farmer can admit to doing well. It's thought to be letting the side down. So there'll be much annoyance that the cat's been let out of the bag

by none other than snooty land agents, Strutt and Parker.

Just lately Strutt has been trying to acquire the image of a sort of rural authority by putting out a series of pompous press releases stating the blindingly obvious. No editor bothers to use them, but it all makes work for the PR department.

However, in moment of candour rare among agents one release confirms that dairy farmers are currently laughing all the way to the bank. It's not likely to enhance Strutt's stock in the farming community.

If there's one thing makes farmers apoplectic it's being told they're doing all right.

STICKING up for his chums in the agrochemical industry, John "Big Mac" Gummer says pesticides are crucial to world food production. But constant research must be carried out to maintain public confidence, he adds.

This is presumably why his department's pesticide committee is putting the squeeze on the manufacturers for more safety information on tecnazene, a nasty little chemical that gets sprayed on practically every potato in the shops these days.

This is all good PR, of course — until you realise that Maff's own food surveillance team first reported unacceptably high levels of tecnazene on spuds nearly 10 years ago.

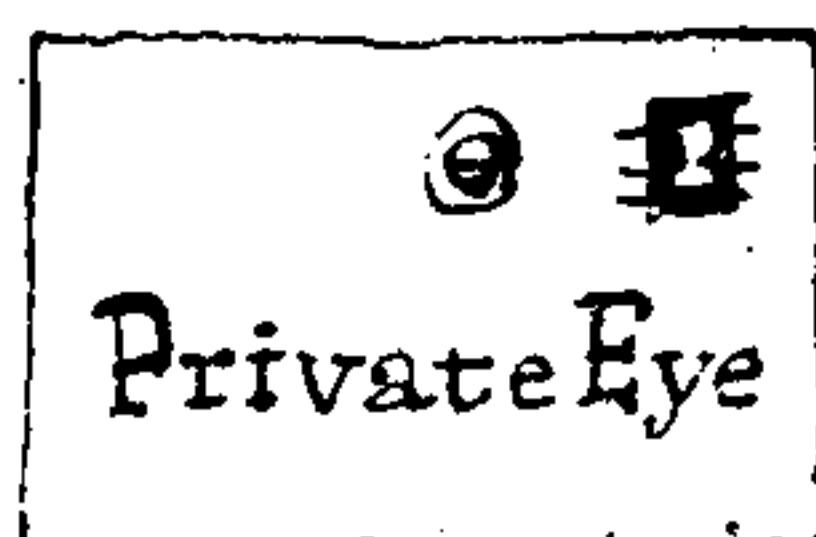
If Gummer's mangy watchdogs do find something wrong and finally get round to banning the stuff — say in another five years' time — habitual eaters of jacket potatoes are going to be feeling pretty sick.



HUSBAND



Letters



Popular front

Sir,
The cover on issue number 749 is more than I can stomach and therefore after eight years as a regular subscriber I have cancelled my order.
I would be amazed if I am the only reader who has taken such action this week.

Yours faithfully,
MARY ANDERSON,

Henley on Thames, Oxfordshire.

Sir,
Congratulations for one of the most distasteful things that I have ever seen in print.
I sincerely hope that one of your children is in the same position one day.

Yours faithfully,
IAN HUNTER,

Sheffield.

Sir,
I am writing just in case you have had an overwhelming number of letters from over sensitive petals moaning about the cover of Eye 749 — "Saddam'll fix-it!" I liked it a lot, so two fingers to the pansies, subscription cancellers and faint at the sight of blood merchants!
Keep sharp,

Yours faithfully,
CRISPIN GILLBARD,

Bath, Avon.

Sir,
Have any of your readers noticed the striking similarity between two of the front covers of your esteemed organ, Eye 679, where a wicked tyrannical ruler (Mrs Margaret Thatcher) is seen saying to a small child "What are you going to do if you grow up?" and Eye 749, where a wicked tyrannical ruler (Mr Saddam Hussein) is seen saying to a small child, "What would you like to do if you grow up?"

Are they by any chance related? I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
PETER QUANTRILL,

Orpington, Kent.

Hares and brushes

Sir,
I refer to G. Busby's letter (Eye 748) in which he claims that hunt saboteurs were paid £17 to rough up supporters of the Christchurch Beagles. This is one of the most stupid letters I have seen in the four years that I've been a member of the Hunt Saboteurs Association.

I hardly think that Inspector Knacker would allow hunt saboteurs to rough up hunt supporters. Our "undermanned police force" can usually find a few spare coppers to watch over the local hunt.

The suggestion that hunt saboteurs are paid is a common, even boring, accusation. The HSA group that I belong to recently raised £75 on a sponsored walk to go towards the cost of CB radios. So we're hardly so bursting with money that we can pay ourselves £17 or whatever every time we go out sabbing. This stupid accusation shows the arrogance and wealth of the hunting fraternity who believe that people only do things for money not principle.

Finally the reasons that the Christchurch Beagles could not find any hares to kill are the skill of the hunt saboteurs and the serious decline of the hare population.

Yours faithfully,
FRANK ROCHESTER,

Mid-Somerset Hunt Saboteurs Association, Yeovil, Somerset.

Sir,
Although K. Jenkinson (Letters, Eye 749) has never met me I am criticised for my personal appearance. This is a typical response from the bloodthirsty mob. Because foxhunting is indefensible they resort to personal abuse. How pathetic.

Yours faithfully,
BRENDAN DELANEY,

London, E12.

Sir,
I have been a fox for two years and would like to point out that K. Jenkinson (Letters, Eye 749) frequently interferes with my pastimes.
Brendan Delaney is a personal friend of mine and I can assure K. Jenkinson that he washes daily and often has a haircut.

Yours,
REYNARD FOX,

The Copse, nr Stevenage, Herts.

Sir,
A few words about the abusive foxhunting correspondence you have been running.
Foxes are part of the natural balance, keeping down rodent populations, which would otherwise eat valuable feed stocks. Occasionally the rodent populations crash, driving the foxes to attack livestock. The fox population is then usually reduced by shooting until it rebalances the rodents. Most "fox hunts" couldn't catch a fox trying to surrender.

Both fox hunters and hunt saboteurs tend to be arrogant, loud mouthed, drunken, weirdly dressed fanatics, who make life miserable for people who's land they trample over. I emphasise "tend".

Perhaps they might be related. I think that they should be told.

Yours and stuff,
DAVY NICHOL,

Ayr.

Godforsaken

Sir,
In your article in No 749 of Friday 31 August you stated that Lord Carnarvon was godfather to my son William Hastings-Bass. Lord Carnarvon is not a godfather to my son and I would like you to correct this in your next article with an apology.

Yours faithfully,
PATRICIA HASTINGS,

Newbury, Berks.

O.B.N.

SIR—I have often told my wife that if I were marooned on a desert island, I would want only two documents, the Bible and a subscription to *The Economist*.

J. HARVIE WILKINSON
Letter to *The Economist*

YOUR new cartoon, *Europaté*, is the most beautiful comic I have ever seen. But why do we get it only at the weekend? We can not enjoy being Europeans only one day a week!

RACHEL EHRLICH
Letter to *The European*

Sir: Dr A.J. Fogarty (Letters, 23 July) objects to the pictures of slender models in your newspaper, on the grounds that it makes the majority of women feel overweight.

By the same logic, may I suggest that you reduce the eloquence of your journalism, since it makes the majority of readers feel inarticulate.

LAURENCE BARKER
Letter to *The Independent*

Submitted by E. Strobes, Murray Pearson, S.P. Mullis.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

Lookalike



Grant



Manning

Sir,
I wonder if any of your readers have noticed, as I have, the remarkable resemblance between foul-mouthed comedian Bernard Manning and well-known "astrologer" and TV-am personality Russell Grant. I wonder if by any chance they are related? I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
ENA B. MAXWELL (Mrs),

Headington Hall, Oxford.

Après-tea

Sir,
I was somewhat concerned by the Rev Kingsbury's reply in PE although I do appreciate that he is obviously overworked.
The main reason for beverages after the church service enables established members of the congregation to reach out to those who are not and encourages the discussion of spiritual issues.

I would suggest that the Rev Kingsbury remember that by following in Christ's footsteps he should be prepared to make sacrifices. Does he know that some people completely give up their homes to go and serve Our Lord?

Be not of this world Rev Kingsbury — practise what you so rightly preach!

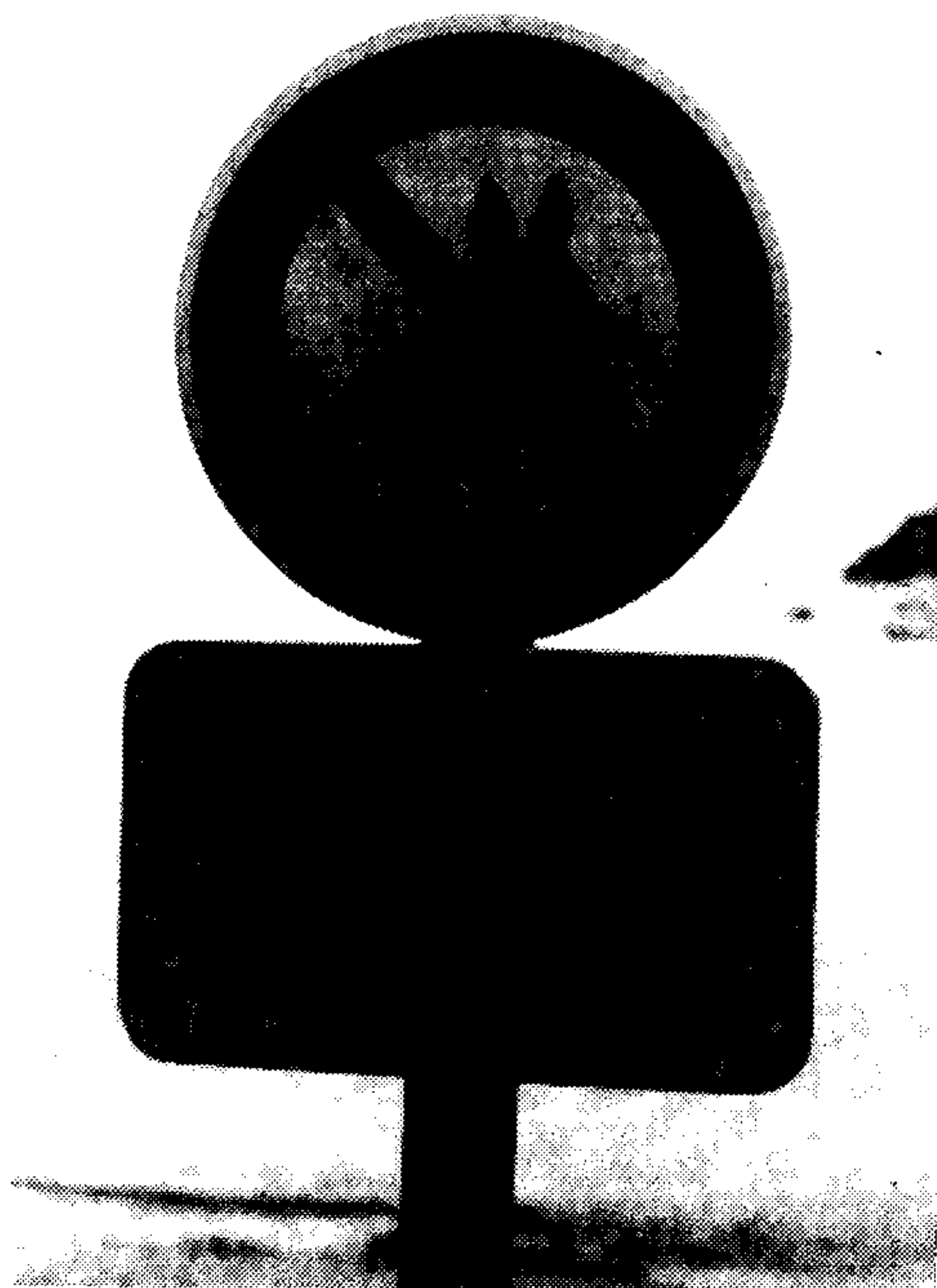
Yours faithfully,
J. JANSEN,

Couplain, Hants.



"Oh, great! I've been posted to Northern Ireland!"

I-SPY Villefranche, France



Submitted by David Burn. £10 paid for similar submissions. (Sae required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)

Apologue

Sir,
Bookworm's piece about the fawning over Richard Ford brings to mind an instance of what happens when reviewers fall out of line. Last year, when writing on Ford's "The Ultimate Good Luck", I said that it was little more than a dime-novel which a sub-Hammett hack might have knocked off to pay some pressing bills.

No sooner had the piece appeared, when a letter arrived from its publisher, Christopher Maclehose, who surely has a fair claim to be the most pompous in London: he demanded that I make a public apology.

One fears, then, for Bookworm's manhood.

Yours faithfully,
CHRISTOPHER HAWTREE,

Hamburg, West Germany.

Tape recorder

Sir,
Your report on the "cheery voice" we are using on test tapes for new FM transmitters (Eye 748) is not the first example of confusion over two of our DJs.

Adrian JOHN was our early morning presenter until last year, when he decided to leave to accept a

slot on local radio. The voice on the test tapes belongs to Adrian JUSTE, who continues to entertain Radio 1 listeners after 12 years at the BBC.

Though I must admit, I always thought there was a great similarity between Adrian Juste and John Snagge.

Yours faithfully,
JOHNNY BEERLING,

BBC Radio 1, London, W1.

Certified

Sir,

Your article on me and the New York Radio Festival award was the usual amusing mixture of tripe and trivia. The truth is more interesting.

Far from flying to New York to pick up this glittering prize, I sat in my humble office in downtown Hammersmith blissfully unaware we had even entered this competition.

The first I knew of the whole affair was when the certificate arrived on my desk among the morning mail. They send these things under plain cover in a brown envelope by the way.

The only bit of your story that got up my nose was the suggestion that this was the only award we have ever won. We won the UK Sony Radio Reporter of the Year so many times the organisers of that competition had to check whether the BBC was still in business!

Yours Aye,
JOHN PERKINS,

Editor, IRN, Hammersmith, London W14.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"23 Japanese tourists have crossed over the Iraqi border into Jordan. They are believed to be the first Westerners to be released from Iraq."

RADIO 4 NEWS
(Alan Bailey)

"If Gower had stopped that it would have decapitated his hand."

FAROKH ENGINEER, RADIO 3
(Jeremy Blood)

JEANNE DOWNS: "So has Britain broken any records recently?"

NORRIS MCWHIRTER: "Well, everyone in Britain on Friday took part in Britain's hottest day yet."

PRESENTER: "So, is that a world record then?"

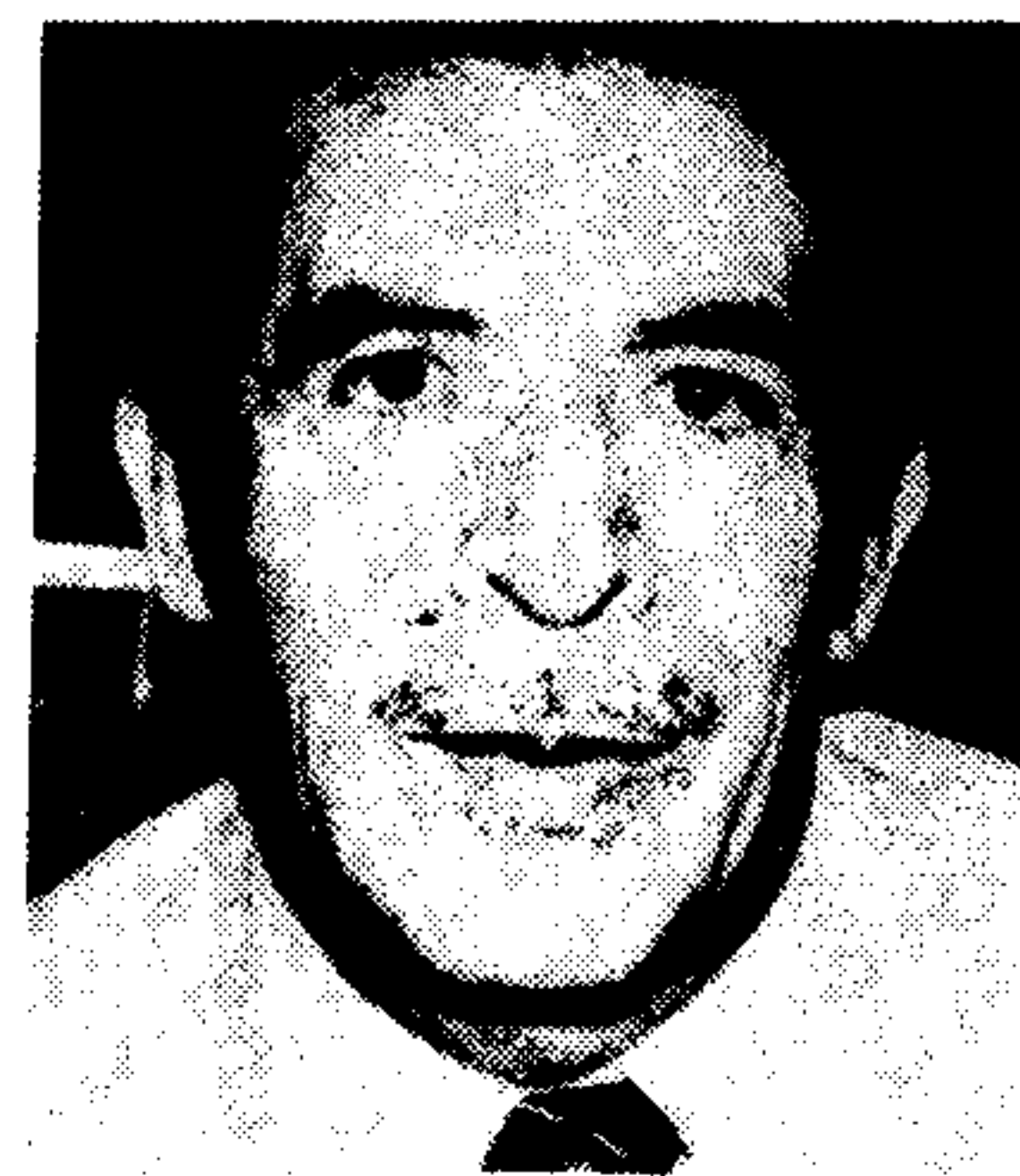
NORRIS: "Er, no, it's a British record."

CHILDREN'S ITV
(L. Dawson)

"Four hundred metre running — in terms of its depth reaching new peaks."

DAVID COLEMAN, BBC 1
(Kieran Roberts)

Letter from Guatemala City



from Our Own Correspondent

"BUT YOU don't understand. I am God's candidate..." Thus did our very own Christian soldier General Efraín Ríos Montt announce his candidacy for the presidency during a television interview here last month.

Only in Guatemala could a man with his CV — former coup leader, mass murderer, bible-bashing born-again fundamentalist — rise to the top of the polls on the strength of such a claim.

To describe the prospect of Ríos Montt's "second coming" as "frightening", as our archbishop recently did, is something of an understatement. Even by Amnesty International's conservative count, his scorched earth counter-insurgency war killed 10,000 Mayan Indians and eliminated 440 highland villages between 1982 and 1983.

The internment camps, compulsory civilian militias and feudal food-for-work programmes that consolidated this rural "pacification" are still in place today. So, needless to say, are the hundreds of thousands of Guatemalans forced to flee into exile in Mexico and beyond.

All this, of course, is a figment of the nation's "psychotic imagination", according to one of the bright young Madison Avenue types flown in to manage the Ríos Montt campaign. "It's the inevitable result of being exposed to too much violence — people get confused."

Yet even Ríos Montt himself seems reluctant to walk off with the Ronald Reagan History Rewrite Award. Although it was Hopalong himself who claimed the general had had a "bum rap", even our would-be saviour has admitted that some citizens had had to be "sent to heaven" during his stint at the National Palace. They were dispatched, he added, "for their own good".

There is, however, one slight obstacle to the general's apparently unhindered progress — our constitution. A clause that some say was written with him in mind, forbids former coup leaders from standing for the presidency. Not, of course, that those inclined towards the coup path to power tend to worry about such details.

Ríos Montt's army of lawyers have come up with countless reasons for this particular little provision not applying to their client. Not the least ironic of these is that the international human rights accords that the general steadfastly refused to sign and violated with abandon while in power supersede the constitution. In particular, the human rights charter to which we are now a signatory states that no national should be barred from standing for elective office.

The dilemma for the authorities sharpens by the day: allow him to run and be seen to be violating the constitution; or bar him and risk the violent consequences. Some believe we are already witnessing the latter: a recent surge in killings that has done so much for the poll ratings of the "law and order" candidate being considered too much of a coincidence to be accidental.

Indeed, given the general's not inconsiderable support in the army, the repercussions of any decision to bar him could include the overthrow of any government insolent enough to try it. The army's thinking was neatly summarised by one middle-ranking officer who justified any such move on the basis that it would be "a pro-democracy coup", the basic demand being that everyone and anyone be allowed to stand for president.

Thus it is that Ríos Montt comes to be touring the country lecturing concerned citizens on human rights — albeit his own human rights. Even in Guatemala, he keeps telling us, we are all equal before the law. All, that is, except the dead. But they're not expected to turn out for the general anyway.

HOM SAP



BY DAVID AUSTIN





10 Downing Street
Whitehall

Dear Bill,

I'm afraid I couldn't wake up in time to see Margaret's breakfast-time encounter with Frostie, but Boris kindly videoed it for me, and I quite liked the bit where she said bomb the hostages and bugger the lot of them. I think people like a firm line on these occasions and all those moaning minnies on the TV give the wrong impression about the British Lion. If they're just money-grabbing yuppies who've gone out there to get rich quick and generally feather their nests they can hardly complain if their local employer goes berserk and puts them all in the slammer. From what I could see on the TV they seemed to be having a very agreeable time, certainly compared to our chaps who got caught in Singapore when the balloon went up last time, and you certainly didn't hear them whingeing on the Japanese TV, not that it existed in those days, but that's not the point.

Curiously enough I popped into the Club on Monday morning for a quick one before my elevenses, and I found what I can only describe as a mood of appeasement prevalent among the members. Apparently Old Abernazer had gone on record, in response to M's off-the-cuff remarks to Frostie, as saying that she was a horrible old boot with a rasping voice and a slightly bossy manner. Your accountant friend Pringle, who drew my attention to the story, was chuckling a good deal behind his hand, and saying Old Abdul couldn't be all bad after all, and some of the things he said made a lot of sense. Fanshawe, who used to be at Shell, looked very knowing, tapped his finger against his nose, and said "Takes one to know one!" at which there was a general explosion of laughter and drinks were ordered all round.

Later, in the Snug, I got talking to the Oldest Member, Ackroyd, who was too old to fight in the First World War, and he told me that Abdul Abulbul had a perfect right to whatever he wanted down there. All there was anyway was a lot of sand dunes with or without oil wells on top and the little Arab fellows doing unmentionable things to one another behind the thorn bushes. It was all the fault of Lawrence of Arabia, who was that way inclined himself, and got carried away to such an extent that he carved the

area up into unnatural shapes and gave them to anyone who took his fancy.

I passed this on to Hurd on his way out to be abused by the Dirty Shirt Brigade, and he said he would think about it on the plane.

The Big Debate, I'm afraid, did not go according to plan. The scheme was to do a re-run of the Great Falklands Pow-Wow, with the Smellysocks running up the white flag and all our lot bursting into tears and singing Land of Hope and Glory.

Instead little Pillock, who was under very strict instructions from his Marketing people, was the soul of patriotism and judicious support for Margaret's firm policies, which left only Benn and Sailor Ted to play silly buggers.

Have you been asked to the Monk's wedding? Sir Keith Joseph, as he is known to a wider public, has rather a rum track record in that department. Lady Monk Mark I, we are told, got so bored sitting at the dinner table long after the coffee had got cold listening to his plans for Streaming in Comprehensive Schools that one night she slipped quietly away and the old boy had no idea until he spotted the empty pillow next morning before breakfast. The new one, I gather, is quite deaf so the problem shouldn't, all being well, arise.

I got a very amusing cutting, sent me I think by the Major, from the Dumfriesshire Argus. Apparently Maurice, described in the paper as a "rich millionaire from Sevenoaks, Kent", was up before the local Baillie following an incident on a grouse moor he claimed to have rented from the Editor of the Daily Telegraph. After what seems to have been a fairly long lunch in the bothy supplied by the Telegraph man's good lady, our friend found his way into an upright position and let fly at what he took to be a low-flying bird but was in fact a tartan hat worn by a member of the Japanese syndicate, who brought an action for malicious wounding.

Talking of which, did you see that my other half had a brainstorm and gave an honorary knighthood to Mr Nissan? Fruity Hooper would be turning in his grave after their behaviour on the River Kwai.

Have you ever been to an Acid House party? The Major is giving one in his silage barn next Saturday with a view to putting the roof back on the manor house. Let me know if you're interested and I'll drive you down.

Yours still partially in possession of his faculties,

Denis

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

TRUE STORIES

ILLUMINATED BY BERT KITCHEN

AS the bride," said Mrs June Ruffle, "I had asked our photographer, Nigel Smith, to find an ideal spot somewhere in the church grounds for the final part of our wedding video.

"When John and I came out of St Luke's, he led us to a place behind the church and began his grouping. Suddenly we all heard loud grunts in the long grass. When we went over to look we found a nude couple 'bonking' away like mad. Harold, our best man, asked them to stop, but they just redoubled their efforts. As time was getting on, Nigel Smith asked me if I would mind them being in the background of the official wedding film. And so they are."

REBUKED by Mr Jeff Aiken of Milwaukee's Social Services Department, Mr Anthony Zielniski, a politician, said: "I stand by my demand that our local government should have the right to sell the organs of dead Welfare Recipients in order to recoup something from their upkeep and to reduce their funeral expenses, whether they give permission or not. If they cannot contribute to the nation while alive, maybe they can help it when dead."

Mr Aiken replied that the

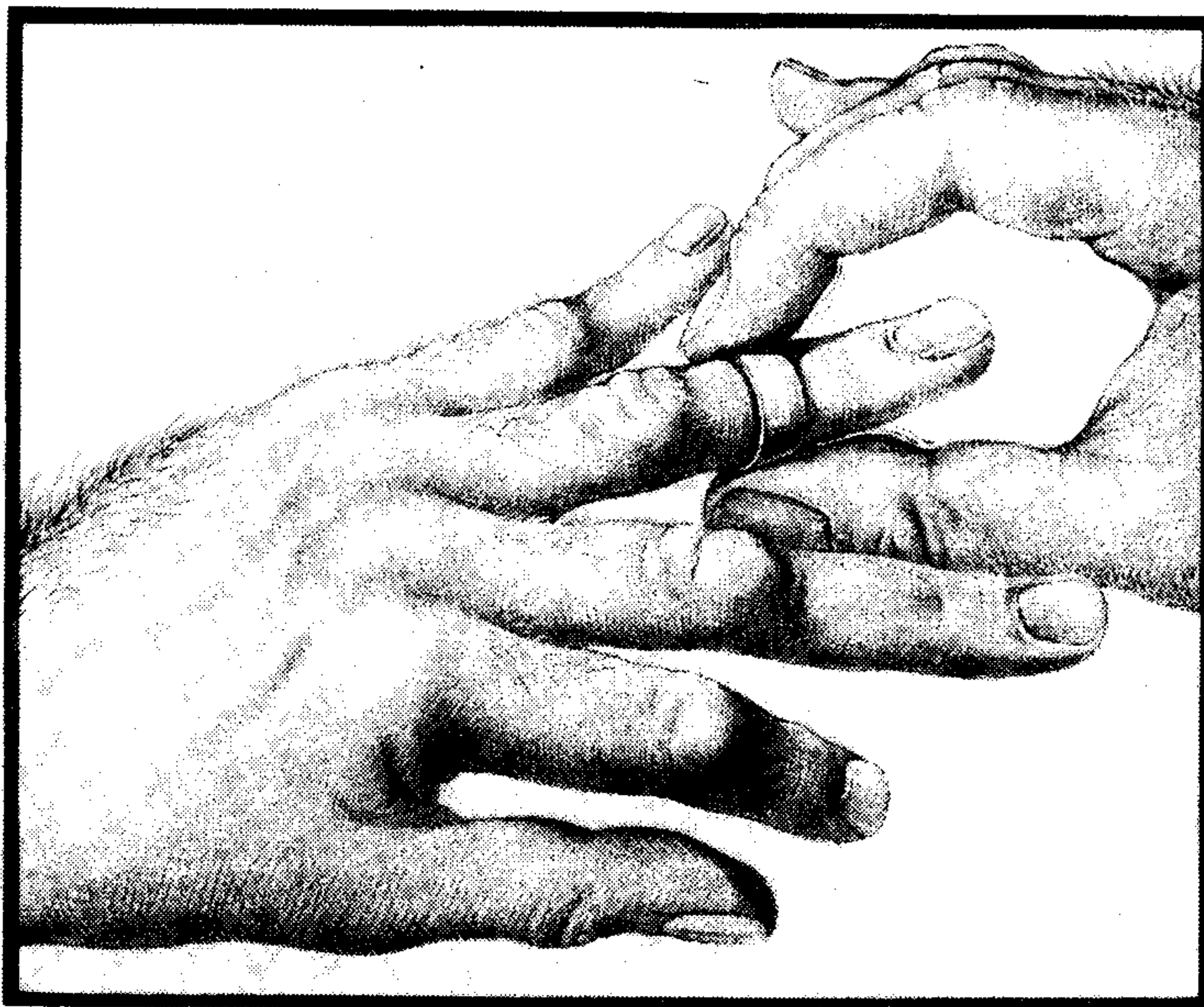
"opportunity scheme" he had devised to reach a similar goal "would not be helped" by Mr Zielniski's plan.

ASKED for his reaction when his ewe, Jatti, came first in the All-Pakistan Most Beautiful Sheep contest, Mr Gebre Medhin, a 45-year-old shepherd from Dhakoo village, Chakwal, said:

"This is my famous day. Jatti is my fluffy charmer. She came first out of 2,000 contenders. She will celebrate her victory by dancing to traditional music and she will honour the wisdom of her judges by touching her front leg to her forehead in a gesture of salaam."

IN HIS statement, Mr G.B. Burns, a regular jogger, said: "I am pestered by motorists asking me the way. They wind down their windows, pull up alongside, or sometimes shout from the other side of the road. They never consider that I am usually on Time Trial."

"When I wave my stopwatch in the air and point at its face, they often become very abusive. As a precautionary measure against my heart exceeding 190 beats per minute, I have taken to pushing a wheel-



chair before me. But this merely rouses the drivers to, a frenzy. They laugh and jeer. One persuades his young son to 'moon' at me."

MR TARRY FELLOWES, Secretary of the New Gibraltar Pigeon Club, has announced that of the 22 pigeons released in the hills behind Tarifa none have returned to the Rock.

MR CHEN TU JAH, a matchmaker from Sigu, Nangfang, has been sentenced to two years' corrective labour for selling Mr Charlie Way Lo, an illegal Vietnamese refugee, to Mr Li Men Jui as a bride, for £125.

"It seems that Mr Jui had no success with the usual forms of courtship," said a spokesman for the Nangfang police. "So Mr Jah introduced him to Mr Lo, or 'Autumn Breeze', as Mr Lo was called. Mr Jui liked the look of 'her' and paid the price and took 'her' home. Then the deception came to light."

INFORMATION: Wolverhampton Express 30.7.90; New York Times 21.7.90; Ethiopian Herald 30.7.90; Grimsby Evening Telegraph 28.6.90; Gibraltar Chronicle 24.7.90; Khaleej Times 23.7.90.

MONITORS: C. Morgan Jones, Barney Oldfield, P. Henderson, Len Mullan, Henry Pollard, Peter Monk.

14 September 1990 • THE SUNDAY TIMES

TOP TEN BORES

This Week	Last Week	Weeks on List
1 Charles Dickens	—	2
2 Peter Ackroyd	—	2
3 Norman Willis	—	1
4 Steve Cram	9	7
5 Michael Winner	8	14
6 Gerald Kaufmann	6	21
7 Joan Collins	10	5
8 Gazza	3	17
9 William Rees-Mogg	4	4127
10 Gazza	5	19

Thanks to Radio 5 for their help with the compilation of this week's Bores



"Good day, sir - Jehovah's Wet Nurses..."



HOUSE OF COMMONS
OFFICIAL REPORT

ZZZZZZ
HANSARD

**Special Debate to Heartily
Endorse Mrs Thatcher's
Conduct of the Gulf Crisis**
2.11 pm

MRS THATCHER (Complete, Con): I refer the Right Honourable Gentleman to my previous answer. I will go on until I am at least 90 and possibly beyond.

(Labour cheers)

MR NEIL WINDBAG (Bedwetty, Lab): May I take this opportunity to utterly, totally, and utterly totally endorse the policies of Her Majesty's Government and add that the opposition having demanded this debate is going to use it to make absolutely clear that we wholly, wholeheartedly and wholly wholeheartedly support, endorse and totally sanction whatever the Prime Minister says.

MR EDWARD GROCER (Dog-in-Manger, Lab): As a former Prime Minister may I make clear the danger that we run by having this mad woman in charge. She will

take us into a war that nobody wants and which only the U.S....

(Responsible, statesmanlike Labour cries of "Shame!", "Please be seated" and "Even though we disagree with you we support to the death your right to speak".)

SIR BUFTON-TUFTON (Lymeswold, Con): This is indeed a great and glorious day for the House of Commons. We have demonstrated in our solemn and serious debate today that the Mother of Parliaments can still show the world how democracy should be conducted.

(Hundreds of cries of "Hear, hear!" from self-satisfied men who've just had an enormous lunch.)

DR DEATH (Washed-Up, SDP): As a former Foreign Secretary who knows the Gulf area intimately I would like to commend the Prime Minister for her resolution to stay in power come what may and I would like to add that I am available to serve her in any capacity whatsoever should the country call me in its hour of need.

(Single cry of "Hear, hear!" from Miss Rosie Groupie [Barnes, SDP])

MR GERALD KAUFFPERSON (Odeon, Leicester Square): Let the message go out loud and clear to Saddam Hussein. We will pluck the nettle of Freedom from the fragile flower of peace or vice versa whichever the case may be.

(Tory cheers. Mass choirs of backbenchers break into "Land of Hope and Glory" [Conductor Sir Marmalade Gussett]. House empties as MPs rush back to Tuscany, Corfu, Mykonos etc.)

St Cake's School

Saddam Term begins today. There are 7,819 boys in the school and no girls. A.J.P. Fatwa (Salman's) is Head of Stoning. A.Z.I.Z. Arafat-Smythe (Bedouins) is Captain of Towels. The Rev Upton Nogood has taken early retirement as Chaplain, and his place as Director of Spiritual Studies will be taken by Shufti-al-Poofti, who has joined the school from the University of Kuwait. A new house, King Hussein's, has been built on Founder's Bottom with the generous help of His Highness the Sheikh of Rodhull and Emir, to accommodate the influx of many thousands of new pupils from the Middle East. Confirmation will take place on 24 November in the School Mosque. The address will be given by Dr Saddam Saddiqi (O.C.). There will be two performances of *Jeffrey Bernard Is Unwell* in the Islamic Craft Centre on 14 November. The Scud will be run over Armilla Mile on 25 November. The inspection of the CCF on 2 December will not now take place, due to the posting overseas of Air Vice Marshal Sir Sandy Desert (O.C.). Opacs will be allowed on 2 December.

POETRY CORNER

In Memoriam Lines on the Death of A.J.P. Taylor, Historian and Television Personality

So. Farewell
Then
A.J.P. Taylor

Historian and
Television Personality.

Keith's mum
Remembers you
On the Telly

In your
Bowtie,
Making it up
As you
Went along.

Now, you
Are history
As well.

E.J.P. Thribb (17½)



GLENDIA
She's
hotter
than the
Gulf! **SLAG**

GAZZA — aren'tcha sickofhim?!? Wherever you look there he is with his gappy teeth and his dopey grin?!? OK, so he cries?!? Who doesn't?! I tell you, Mister, I cry out loud every time I hear his stoopid name?!?

Take a tip from Auntie Glenda, Cry-Baby Bunting — get yourself a seat on the subs' bench and stay there for the rest of the season?!? Gazzzzza (Geddit?!)

LEAVE HIM alone?!? Gazzza, I'm talkin' about, stoopid?!? He's only a kid, for gawd's sake!!? So give him a break, and stop hypin' this handsome hero before it's too late?!? What he needs is time to grow up without the newspaper know-alls tellin' him how to live his life?!?

Belt up, everyone, we've all heard enough about Gazzza!!!?!?

GAZZA?!?! About time he got himself a new dolly-bird?!? What's the matter, dearie?!? Don't you like girls?!? We'll be calling you Gayzza next!!? Geddit?! (Obviously not?!? Geddit?!?!?)

GAZZA?!?! (We've had him — Ed.)

JAZZA?!?! Jilly Cooper to you?!? She's the upper-class madam who writes raunchy books about toffs bonking?!? Wanna laugh?!? Now Jazza's hubby Leo has been havin' it away behind her back?!? Just like in her books?!? Except now you can save yourself a fiver and read it all in the papers for 22p!!?

LAZZA?!? Leo Cooper, I'm talkin', about, dumba! What a swine?!? How could he two-time one of the kindest, sweetest, most generous, loving, warm, affectionate, compassionate, attractive, intelligent, charming friends of mine in the world?!?

Do us a favour, Lazza?!? Buy Jilly a bunch of flowers and tell 'er that you've been a bad boy!! Oh, I nearly forgot! Tell Scarlet Sarah, your bit on the side, to throw herself off a bridge!!?!?

COME OFF it Mrs Parnes, Mrs Ronson and all those leggy blonde daughters!!?

So you knew you'd be on the front pages with your thighs a-showin' and a-glowin'?!? Next time your old man's being banged up, why don't you come along in your birthday suits?!?!?

HERE THEY ARE, Glenda's Kuwait Kuties?!?

● **KING FAHD.** You may have 350 wives already, Big Boy, but there must be room for one more?!?

● **GERALD RONSON.** So they've put you in an open prison?!? Makes it easier for this little gal to get in at nights!!? Mmmm...

● **WILLIAM WALDEGRAVE.** Crazy name, crazy guy?!?

Ciao!!!

*As a tribute to a
Great Editor,
we are
reprinting the
historic
interview
which the late
Donald
Trelford gave to
Len Hutton*

SIR LEN: Tell me, Don, you hold the record of 364 days spent at Test Matches during the year. Was this difficult?

SIR DON TRELFORD: I never had any difficulty relaxing, Len. My problem was always concentrating. I could be in the office surrounded by tense, anxious reporters with all kinds of things demanding attention, but as soon as my car came and whisked me off to Lord's for the day I had a wonderful feeling of relaxation and forgot it all completely.

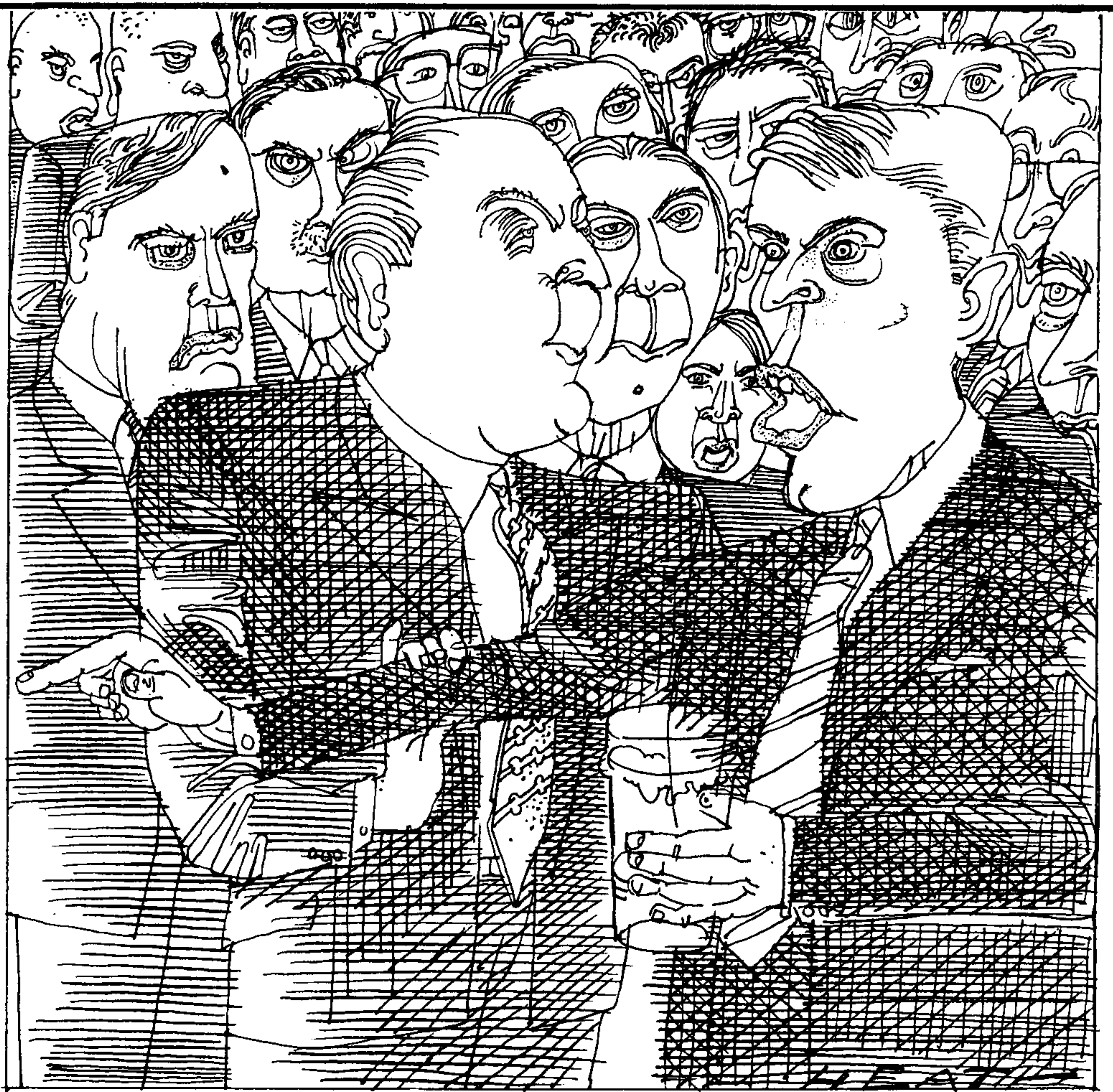
Legover Before Wicket

SIR LEN: Do you think anyone will ever beat this record?

DONALD BADMAN: No, most young editors today lack the powers of relaxation. The only one who might come near is my old editing adversary Andrew Neill.

SIR LEN: Your great innings with Pamela Bordes was another highlight of your career. Let's look at some film shot by an amateur.

DONALD DUCK: You'll be hearing from my solicitors.

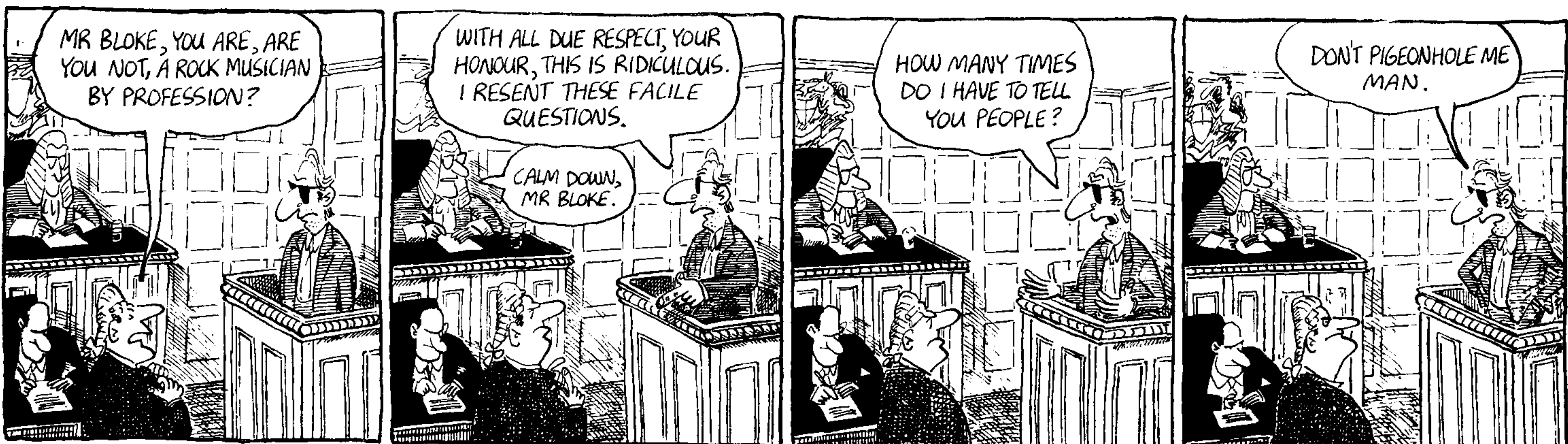


Great Bores Of Today.

"... it's appalling I switched on the other night when I got back and I couldn't believe it there was this bloke with a ponytail and all these other people round him on a settee gays dykes the lot and they were talking in a way that made you feel physically sick there was this one bloke who was talking about his... well... I hesitate to say it even to you it was just horrible to hear people discussing that sort of thing I'm as openminded as the next man I hope I'm not a prude and I've been around a bit like we all have but I couldn't go on television and tell everyone about it there's one girl who was what d'you call it? you know into something kinky and she was describing well what she had done to her I had no idea people did that and this other gay with tattoos I couldn't begin to repeat what he said this other bloke wanted to do to his mate and the number of people they do it to is incredible there wasn't one normal person on the programme it's not in the slightest bit titillating or erotic that's the funny thing you really should watch it there's one on tonight it's brilliant..."

Celeb

L I G G E R





FIRST CHAPTERS

JOLLY SOOPAH's

new novel

RITERS, about

lust and power in

the glitzy world of

publishing

In the world of bigtime publishing there were only two names. Leo Cooper, six foot tall, darkly handsome and the sort of man who women jumped into bed with when he said "Good evening". Christopher Sinclair-Stevenson, six foot tall, blond, a former Guards officer and the sort of man who women jumped into bed with when he said "Have you read the new A.N. Wilson?"

Christopher's secretary was Sarah Johnson, tall, blonde, willowy with come-to-bed eyes — the sort of woman who made men leave their wives when they saw her at a publicity party. Even top literary agent Giles Gordon had been known to swoon as she handed round the canapés.

Blissfully unaware of all this was Jolly Soopah, Leo's beautiful, blonde, incredibly sexy wife. Fantastically loyal and brave, Jolly sat in the country writing brilliant raunchy novels about men leaving their wives and getting their legs over.

Now she sat by her word processor furiously typing her new novel *POLO*, a tale of rivalry in the tough world of peppermint manufacturers.

The telephone shrilled at her side just as she was finishing a dirty bit set in the hole-drilling factory.

"Darling, have you seen the paper?" It was her friend, Glenda Lee-Potty, the famous newspaper columnist. "That bitch Sarah has spilt the beans. It's all over the *Guardian*. You must feel so stupid. I had to ring you and tell you about it."

Jolly was devastated. So the news was out. Her beloved Leo, the sexiest man in the world, had been ensnared by the wiles of publishing's top temptress Sarah Johnson-Keays.



JOLLY SOOPAH RITERS

"Oh no darling, how sickening!" Jolly nearly fainted. "Why did she do it? I thought we'd sorted it all out."

Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, Jolly thought to herself, especially a really sexy woman with a great body like herself. She wasn't going to let that hussy get away with it.

That night was the glittering launch of Sinclair Stevenson's new publishing house *RITERS*. The whole of the world of letters was there. Peter Acroyd, the devastating young biographer whose way with women was

legendary. Annie Wilson, the sexy young journalist who had destroyed the Royal Family single handed. They thronged the fashionable Rauncho Club, drinking champagne and eyeing one another up with a view to some legover later.

Leo and Jolly made their entrance, their heads held high, determined to weather the storm. Cameras whirled and lights flashed as the paparazzi moved in. They looked amazingly sexy, Jolly displaying her firm cleavage to full advantage and Leo bronzed and muscular. He grasped her arm comfortingly. "Come on Jolly, we'll show them."

Sinclair Stevenson, oozing charm from every pore, glided to meet them, his sexy features fixed in a cruel sneer. "Darlings, so good of you to come. One really wasn't sure if you would."

"You bastard!" thought Jolly but she smiled bravely, showing the erotic gap in her teeth which was known to drive men wild with lust.

"I expect you're wondering where Sarah is?" the suave entrepreneur went on. "Look over there. I'm afraid you can't see her, there are too many reporters. Ha, ha, ha."

Leo could barely restrain himself from thumping his sexy rival in his manly face.

"You fixed all this, you crafty sod. You put Sarah up to the whole thing. This kiss and tell is nothing more than a stunt to get publicity for *'RITERS'*."

Sinclair's lip curled in a triumphant sneer.

"Of course. Do you think they'd be interested in dreary old Dickens or some fogey novel that Annie Wilson hacked out? We'll be on the front pages of every tabloid tomorrow. Sarah's done it."

Leo's fist shot out but Sinclair had ducked and poor Leo slipped and fell face-first into a tray of mushroom vol-au-vents.

"Over here, gentlemen!" he shouted at the reporters. "This is where the action is."

Jolly, looking amazingly sexy, held back her tears and prepared to give sixteen exclusive interviews about her private agony.

Continued on page 94

THE Sun

**KILL AN
IRAQI AND
WIN A SKY
TV DISH!**

Friday, September 14, 1990

YES, IT'S OFFICIAL - PIG HUSSEIN IS BONKERS!



● **Stark, staring looney!**

● **Clean off his rocker!**

by Our Diplomatic Staff
Kelvin Bonk

Yesterday the pilot-guzzling pig Saddam Hitler gave the world the final proof that he is totally off his trolley.

When he marched into Kuwait we said he was a tinpot tyrant.

When he kidnapped British toddlers for his sick TV games we said he was a tinpot tyrant.

When he gassed millions of Kurds we didn't take a blind bit of notice.

When he threatened to blow up the whole world with his nuclear weapons we called him Baghdad's Mr Nerve Gazza.

But now he has finally

shown that he is not only evil but criminally insane and psychotic, not to mention out to lunch.

For why? Because yesterday the pig actually had the nerve to launch an astonishing personal attack on Our Maggie.

This is what the Madman from Baghdad called her:

- bossy
- strident
- not interested in a peaceful settlement.

THE SUN SAYS

If this is what you think, Saddam, then you must be a TOTAL NUTCASE.

On other pages

**YOU CAN STILL BONK
IN A PROTECTIVE SUIT,**
say Our Boys in the Desert. p.3.

**ARAB LAGER IS WORSE
THAN CAMELS' PISS**

say Crack Paras p.4.

**WRENS STRIP OFF IN
140° GULF SIZZLER**
(exclusive pics) p.5.

**SAS 15,
US MARINES NIL**

*as Brits Win Desert
Mini-World Cup p.6.*



**THERE'S MORE SUN
IN THE DESERT**

● **SUN APPEAL** — Send Your
Spare Ice To Stop Our Boys'
Cornettos Melting.

Those Hurd-Emir talks in full

(SCENE: Vast 'Dallas'-style suite in the world-famous Sheraton-Arslikhan Hotel, Taifoo. Two men sitting on gilt sofas beneath marble chandelier, one wearing towel on head, the other in glasses, Western-style suit and old school towel [shurely 'tie'? Ed])

D. HURD, MAN OF DESTINY (for it is he): Your Royal and Supreme Magnificence, I have the honour to convey to you the deepest and warmest good wishes from the Great White Queen across the sea.

EMIR OF KUWAIT (looking shifty): Please tell your Queen of Thatcher that we are eternally grateful for her undying support in this very sad hour for the Kuwaiti nation.

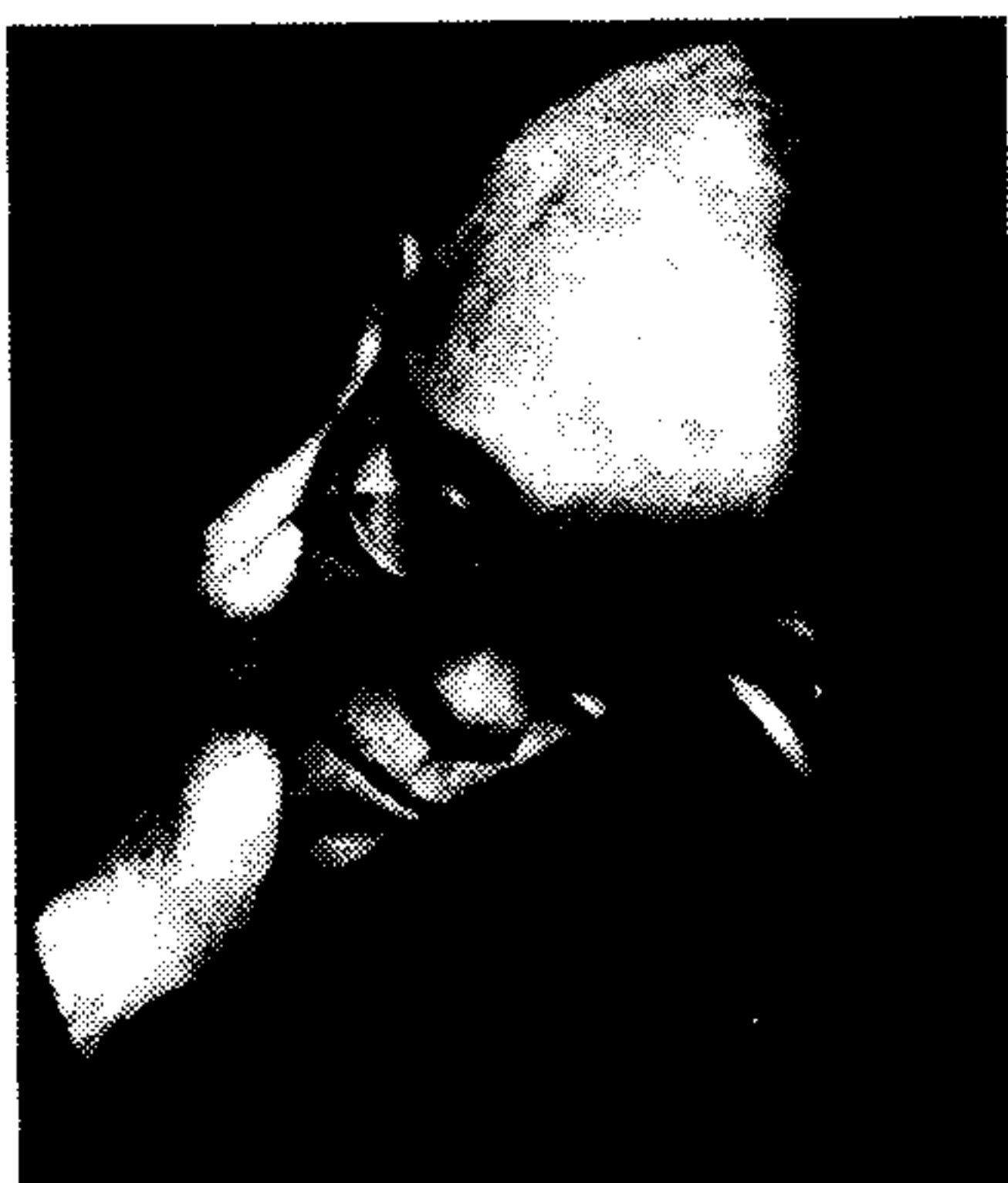
HURD: May I add that the entire British people have nothing but the deepest admiration for the heroic way in which you and your family managed to get away with all your money?

PRINCE SHUFTI EL-SAAB TURBO: My father thanks you for your obsequious greetings and wishes to enquire when you are going to nuke Baghdad.

HURD: Oh, ha, ha, yes, well... it is very hot in here, isn't it?

EMIR: Perhaps you did not hear the question, Mr Hurd? My nephew asked you when are you going to burn the whole of Iraq to a cinder in order that I and my family can be restored to our rightful place on top of the largest pile of money in the world?

HURD: Your Majesty, I'm not sure that you fully appreciate the complexities of the situation. Her Majesty's Government as a member of the Security Council can only act in strict concert with the resolutions approved by the United Nations... 662... 664... trade embargo... patient diplomatic spade-work... Peres de



Douglas Hurd

Cuellar... every avenue must be explored... months rather than weeks... Iraq brought to negotiating table... firm but cautious.....

EMIR: Zzzzz...

PRINCE SHUFTI: Mr Hurd, I think what my father is trying to say is that he will have to ring up his good friend Mrs Thatcher, as you clearly do not seem to have got the hang of this one.

HURD: When your father wakes up, would you please convey to him my deepest gratitude for this productive exchange of views, which I regard as a vital part of my diplomatic efforts to emerge from this crisis as the next leader of the Conservative Party.

Those Thatcher-King Hussein talks in full

(SCENE: Vast 'Dallas'-style suite in the world-famous No 10 Downing Street)

HUSSEIN: Prime Minister, I come only as a peace-maker.

THATCHER: Get out.

The Gulf Crisis – a new perspective

by William Rees-Mogg

I HAVE never met Saddam Hussein nor was I in his House at school but I believe I can make some claim to understand the workings of this man's complex mind because in 1964 when I was Editor of *The Times*, the then Iraqi undersecretary, Mr Aziz Azwaz, took luncheon at *The Times* and revealed in conversation that Hussein was a key figure in the nascent pan-Arabist movement which was then in its infancy.

I discovered some years later from a close colleague that the ambassador was referring not to Saddam Hussein, then a comparatively obscure figure, but to King Hussein of Jordan.

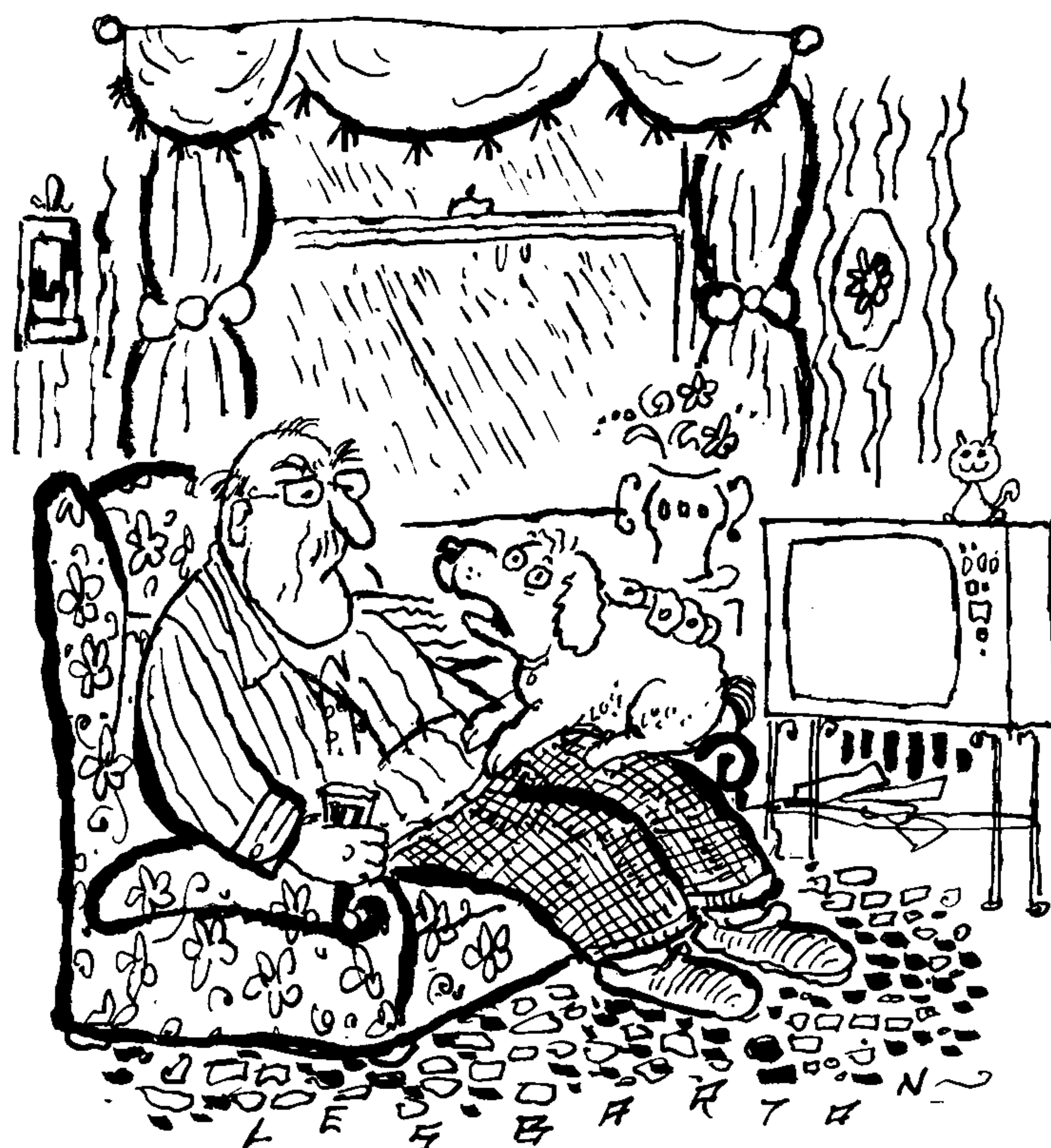
Now here I can boast a personal involvement since Hussein was at Harrow at the same time as my cousin Herbert Gusset-Mogg. In fact they were in the same House, though several years apart. It is an unfortunate fact about the public school system (though whether it is as true today as it was then I cannot

be certain), that boys of different years rarely meet and so it was with the King and my relative. However, they do both appear in the school photograph and we can see that even in those days the young Hussein stood out from the ranks of boys as an exceptional figure with a moustache.

His namesake Saddam Hussein was *not* educated at Harrow. It is interesting to reflect, as I am sure most people do, that the course of events in the Gulf would have been very different if Saddam had attended Harrow and the present King of Jordan had not.

However, what many people must be wondering in the current difficult times is why on earth I have not been sacked for writing this sort of rubbish.

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"Now the children have left home – and your wife – I want to leave too!"

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Charles has elected to become a National Health Service patient.

Now read on...

THROUGH the freshly painted door of the recently refurbished Ernest Saunders Ward, Charles watched with interest as two burly hospital porters struggled to wheel out several elderly patients from the room next to his.

"I don't wanna go into Geriatrics," one irritated gentleman cried out, pulling his ill-fitting dressing gown about him. "I could see the railway line. I used to like that."

Charles turned to the senior consulting physician, Sir Abraham Haphazard, who had just popped by to ensure that everything was to Charles's satisfaction.

"What's going on? Why are they moving all those people about?"

"Nothing for you to worry about, Sir. Just a bit of management restructuring. You just relax."

Sir Abraham softly closed the door just in time for Charles to miss seeing a huge desk being carried by his own staff into the empty ward and a sign saying *THE OFFICE OF SIR ALAN FITZTIGHTLY. KEEP OUT* being hastily put up.

Charles took the advice and looked around at the agreeable room which the National Health Service had provided. It really was... appealing. There was a large television surrounded by gorgeous

pudding or corned beef and beetroot and ice cream."

A foul smell emanated from the trolley as Sir Abraham bundled the old beladame and her wares unceremoniously into the corridor.

"I do apologise, Your Royal Highness, for this interruption. Quite unforgivable."

Charles looked puzzled.

"You, of course, Sire, are on our special diet for medical reasons... ah... and here is Mr Anton Mueslimann with luncheon, if I'm not mistaken."

As the respected orthofibulist spoke, the dapper bearded figure of the world's greatest homeopathic chef deftly laid out a tray on the Prince's mahogany bed table.

"Bonjour, Sir. Today for you I have prepared an andré of sundried tomatoes with a compôte of coeurs de champignon with a light sauce and afterwards a little baked monkfish aux herbes rosen-thales..."

"Good Heavens!" Charles exclaimed as his nostrils were filled with the delicate wafts of the chef's cuisine. "This is amazing. Are these mushrooms organic?"

"But of course," soothed the rotund figure in white hat and blue-checked trousers. "They are organique, grown specially in Senegal and flown in for you today."

Charles was truly impressed. So often he had heard on television and such like that the National Health was run-down. He had even heard one doctor saying that it really was appalling. How very untrue, as he had found out for himself.

But then his friend and mentor Sir Laurens van der Post had highlighted this phenomenon in *Physician Heal Thyself*, an account of his travels among the witchdoctors of the Canadian Rockies which Charles had been trying to read during his stay.

"Truth is stranger than fiction." How very true *that* was.

after anaesthetics somehow. Perhaps he would just have a ziz before visiting time...

CHARLES was addressing a gathering of two million of the world's leading architects in St Paul's Cathedral. In his right arm, now fully mended, he waved a polo stick to emphasize his points about small buildings being in a real sense better than large ones. And there in the front row was Dr Barkworth wearing a T-shirt with the slogan CHAZZAMANIA! "Sir, Sir!" they all seemed to be chanting.

SIR, SIR, wake up. Your wife is here." Sir Alan shook Charles gently but painfully by his bad shoulder and the spasm jolted Charles from his reverie.

"Hello, Sir Alan. They told me you were here. Nothing serious I hope?"

His equerry raised a quizzical eyebrow and shimmered out of the room as Diana entered carrying a huge bunch of sweet-smelling magnesias.

"Hello, Chazza. You've done well for yourself."

"Yes," Charles replied enthusiastically. "Isn't it wonderful?"

There was a slight pause. It was often hard to make conversation as an invalid.

"I've brought you some tapes and you can borrow my Walkman."

Charles tried hard to look grateful as he accepted her gift. "Ah yes... Nigel Kennedy Plays George Michael, he's awfully good..."

Diana arranged the flowers thoughtlessly in his jug of sparkling Bleasdale spring water. There was another lull and Charles nervously filled in the silence.

"Do you know, Diana, there's been an incredible coincidence. Sir Alan Fitztightly is in the ward next door as some sort of outpatient. It is incredibly convenient."

Diana shook her head in disbelief. "I don't know what they've been putting in your tea, Chazzo, haven't you seen next door? They've built an exact replica of your entire office. Fitztightly's sitting in there with a staff of ten."

Charles stared at her.

"Well, that just goes to show how wonderful the NHS is. As I always said one has to go oneself and find out how others really live. For example, they even fly the mushrooms in from Africa."

Diana stood up to go and opened the door.

A young doctor was helping an elderly hip-replacement patient to take her first few steps.

"We'll find you a bed eventually, Mrs Pitman," he said. "There's some VIP along here who's turned the whole place upside down."

The old lady leaned on her Zimmer. "Why can't they go private and leave us to get on with it?"

Charles felt the old pain in his arm somehow getting worse.

To be continued



bouquets of summer flowers; a fax machine to keep him in touch with the outside world; the plush red carpet; the exquisite Lawley and Paxman curtains; and there over the fireplace was a series of prints by his friend and artistic adviser Sir Hugh Cashin. Amazing! And all this for free.

Suddenly the door burst open to reveal a smiling West Indian auxiliary wheeling a trolley.

"What's it for lunch, honeybun?" she beamed. "Dere's cold tongue and rice

There was a bleep on Sir Abraham's pager and the specialist begged leave to depart.

"I shall be back on my half-hourly rounds, Your Majesty, just to see how the old bone is knitting. If you want anything just ring the bell. Your man Fitztightly is ensconced next door."

What a coincidence, Charles thought. He didn't realise that Sir Alan was having an operation.

He chewed on a mouthful of diced seaweed. Delicious. One felt so sleepy

'My time in hell'

Guinness hostage talks of his nightmare ordeal

by Our Brixton Staff
J.L. Bird

Last night, looking tired and drawn, the most famous prisoner in the world, Ernest Saunders, told thousands of newsmen of how he and his colleagues had managed to survive for over 24 hours in the "black hole" of Brixton Prison.

At times Saunders seemed trembling with emotion and close to tears as he related the horror of his experience.

Reading from a prepared document, and speaking in a low, strained voice, he said: "It was beyond imagination. We were

plunged to the very deepest and darkest depths of degradation and despair to which any human being can be reduced."

Saunders went on to describe how, minute by minute, he and his colleagues tried to keep sane while locked away in a 10-foot-square cell smelling of Gerald Ronson's aftershave.

"I would like to pay tribute here," he said, "to my former cell-mate, Tony Parnes, whom we called The Animal. We tried to fight off the demons by telling each other what we would do when we got out. Ron Boy used to do calculations on

the wall of how much he was earning every minute he was inside because of the high interest rates. He has a great sense of humour.

"I used to say that when I got out I was going to screw every company in the whole world. A little thing like that can mean a lot to you when you are inside."

Saunders went on to describe how early in the morning of his terrible one-day ordeal he was rudely awoken by the Governor, who had personally come to ask him whether he would like to use the executive toilet on the third floor.

"Then on at least three occasions we were roughly ordered by our captors to go to the canteen, where we were only given a three-course meal. Ron Boy asked one of the guards for a glass of brandy and a cigar, and the guard just swore at him, saying 'I'll see what I can do, sir, if you will make it worth my while'.

"By 7.00 that evening, though, we had sunk to the lowest point of the whole horrendous ordeal. It seemed that we had nothing left to look forward to but several more weeks of this hell-on-earth.

"Then, like a bolt from the blue, came the news that we were to be released and sent to an agreeable open prison in the Sussex countryside."

Saunders at this point broke

down and laughed. "I would like finally to thank all those who have worked tirelessly to secure the release of myself and my colleagues from this nightmare — Mrs Thatcher, David Waddington, the Governor of Brixton Prison and numerous friends in the City.

"At this moment, of course, there are many still inside, held captive against their will. But who cares about them?"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Guinness Trial

From The British Board of Deputy Letter Writers to The Times

Sir, We would like to protest in the strongest possible terms at the way the British press has so pointedly ignored the fact that all four defendants in the recent Guinness case were Jews. This is yet further evidence of the rising tide of anti-Semitism which is currently sweeping this country and indeed the whole world.

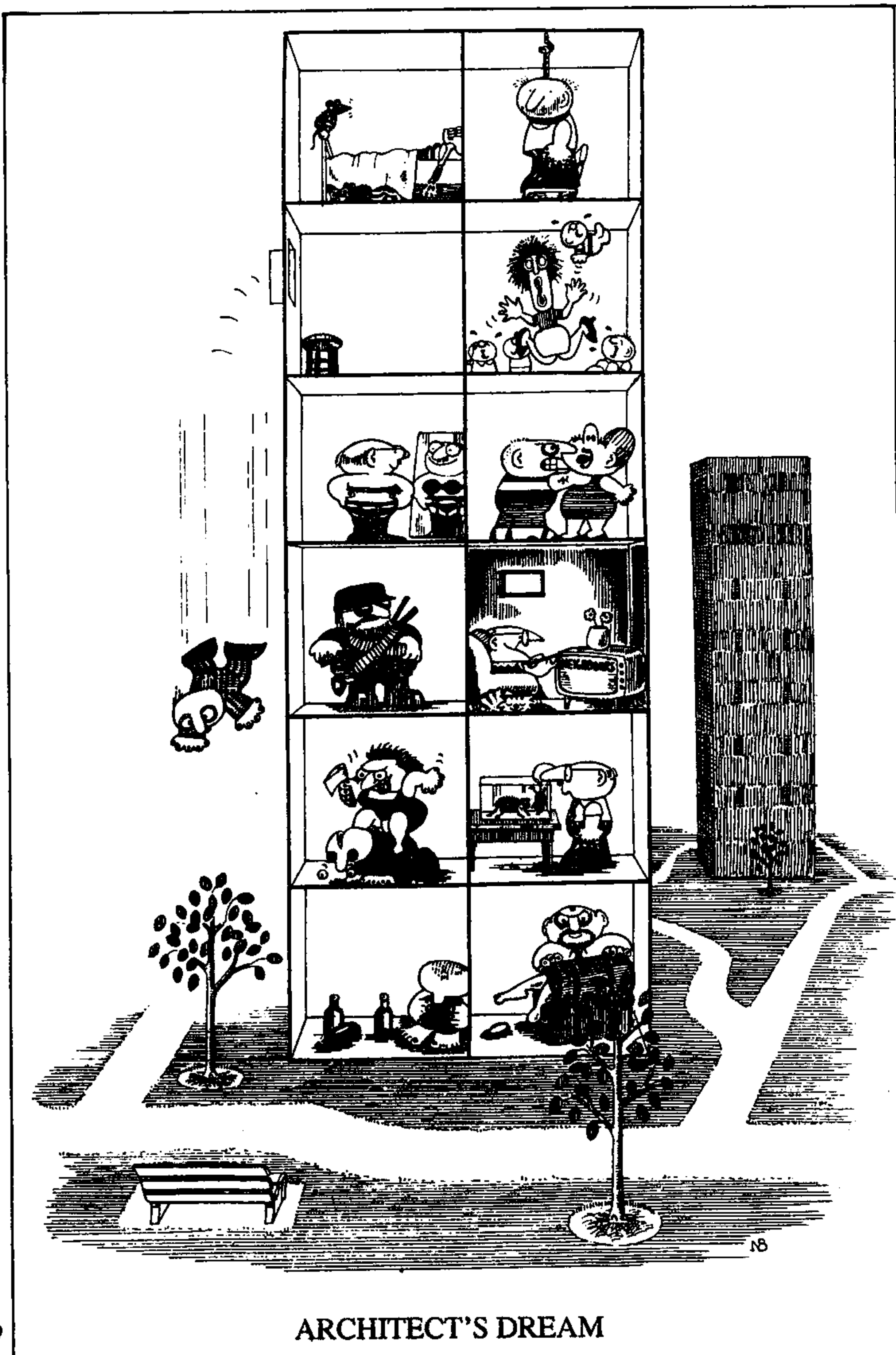
Yours faithfully,
THE BRITISH BOARD OF
DEPUTY LETTER WRITERS
TO THE TIMES.

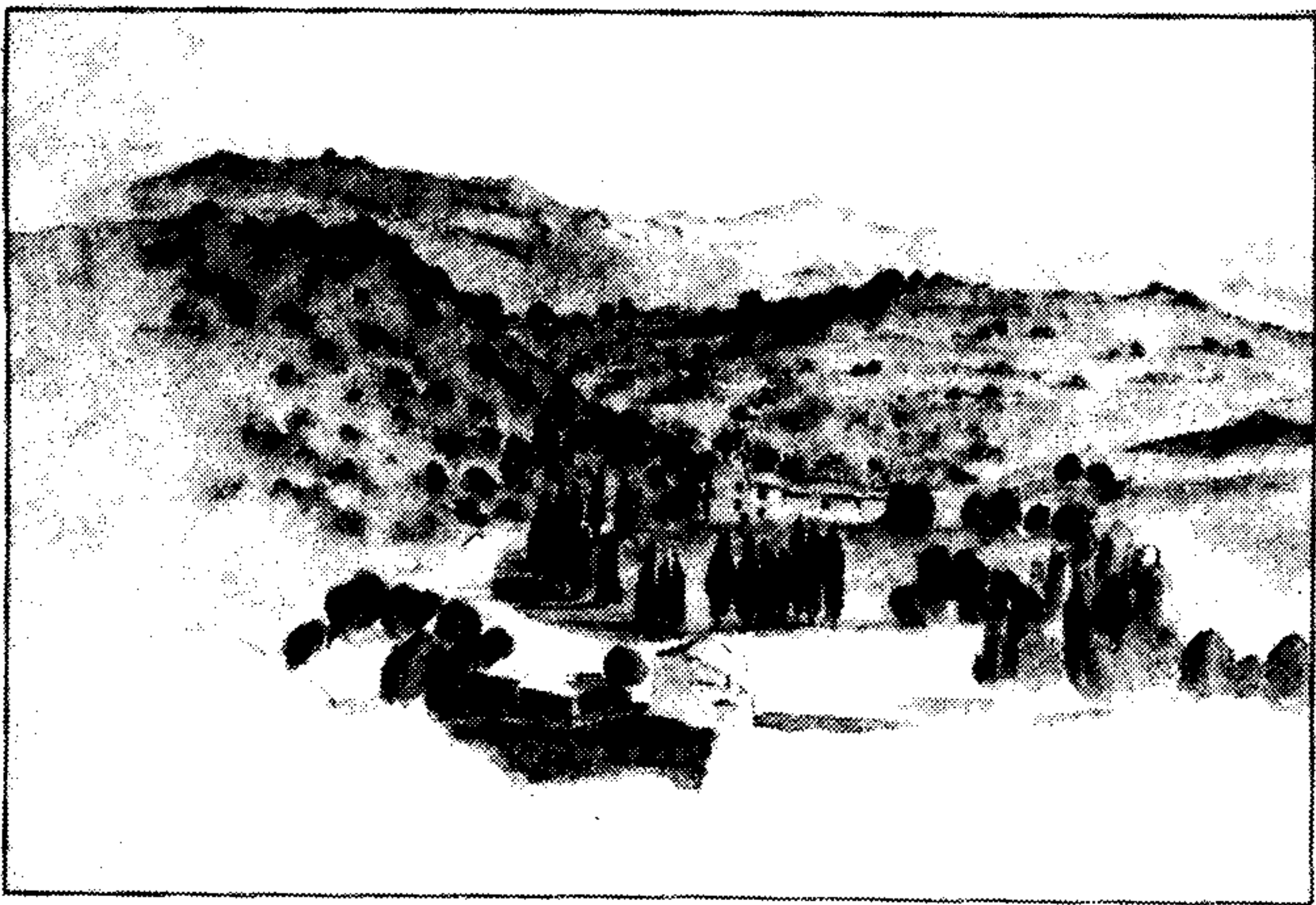
WHAT YOU MISSED AT THIS YEAR'S EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

Nothing

*Festival
Sponsored by
Perrier*

**Thank
Goodness
it's Eauver**





Ten easy tips to improve your watercolours

by Hugo Prayermat A.R.A.
(The Everest Double Glazing Professor of Fine Art
at Neasden Polytechnic)

1. Don't have too much sky.
2. Avoid clouds wherever possible. They are notoriously difficult to paint because they often move about.
3. Keep your brushes clean and make sure you do not mix blue and yellow when painting the sky, or it may come out green.
4. Try to keep green for things such as grass, trees, sky, etc.
5. Keep the foreground simple, preferably blank. Foregrounds are notoriously difficult to paint.
6. Try to avoid filling your picture with hundreds of sheep. This is very time-consuming and the sheep may well have gone home by the time you've finished.
7. Remember trees in the winter have no leaves on. This makes them notoriously difficult to paint. Ideally paint trees from a long way away (see my book *How To Paint Trees With A Single Brush Stroke*).
8. Hills are always good. They are instantly recognisable and easy to paint. But again keep them in the distance.
9. Try to avoid painting in the rain or your painting may get spoiled by water. Of course you could always call it a piece of modern art!
10. If you want to exhibit your work change your name to Arthur Garrick. The critics may then think that you are Prince Charles and you will receive yards of sycophantic press coverage!



"We'll turn Iraq into a desert!"

TUC CONFERENCE

KINNOCK LASHES 'MENACE TO BRITAIN'

by Our Industrial Staff
Conrad Blackleg

Labour leader Neil Kinnock yesterday launched what delegates took to be an astonishing attack on NUM President Arthur Scargill.

Without actually naming the miners' leader, Mr Kinnock blamed all the opposition's troubles on "this balding, blustering, empty windbag with his clapped out ideas and his rhetorical diarrhoea".

Delegates gasped as Mr Kinnock warned that Labour

would lose the next election "unless this posturing ninny is removed from office very soon".

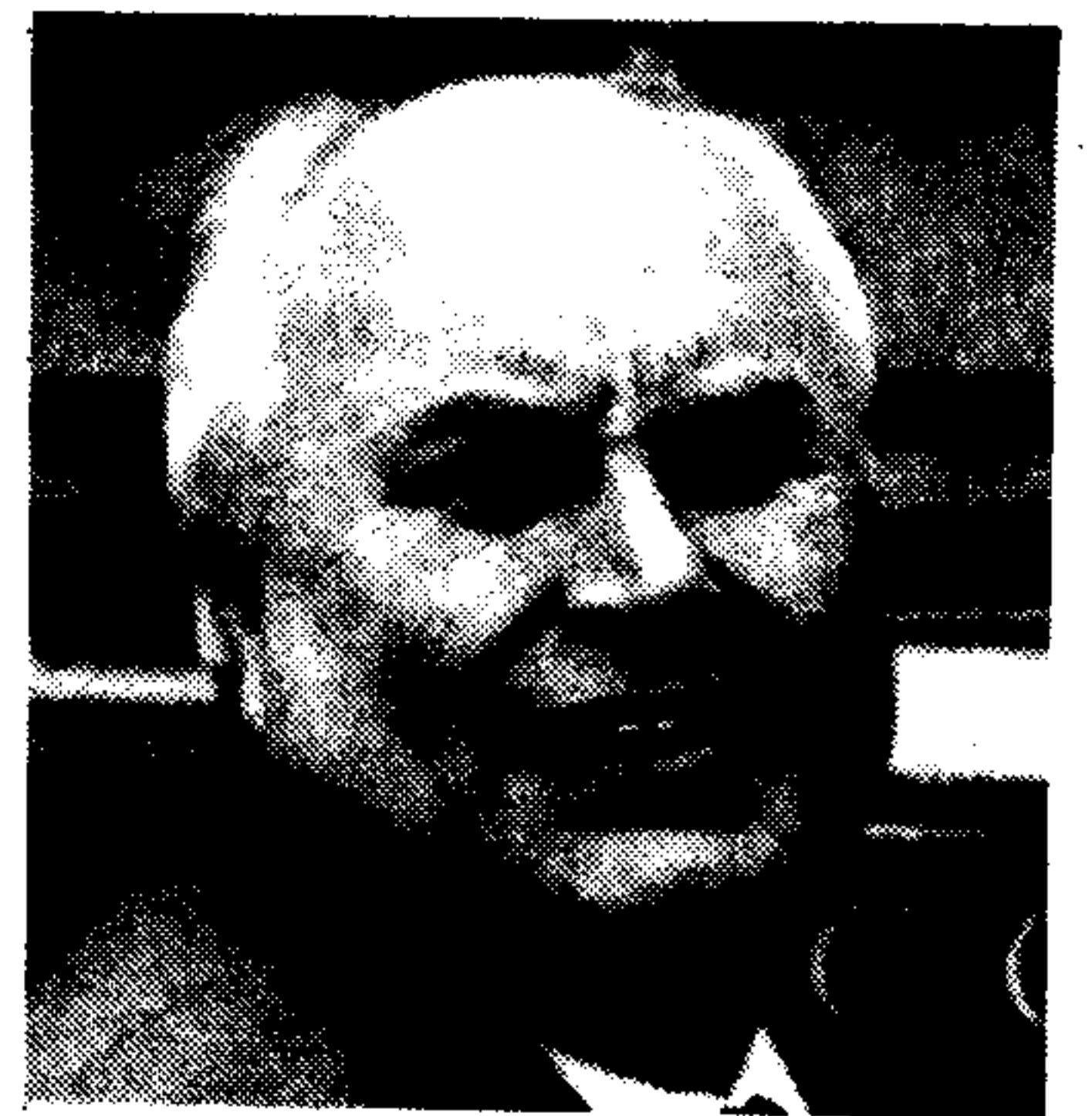
"We are all sick and tired of seeing on television night after night this pitiful so-called leader, with his bombast, his evasions and his complete lack of any grasp of the complexities of the modern industrial world," Mr Kinnock said.

To a standing ovation, he concluded: "We will only have a real hope of electoral victory when this tired old loser, who is Mrs Thatcher's secret weapon, is chucked onto the scrapheap and replaced by Mr John Smith."

Arthur Scargill is 63.

New from the Eye

Yes, It's TUC Rhyming Slang



Carthorse	Spent Force
TUC	Not for me
Ron Todd	Thinks he's God
NUM	No support for them
Norman Willis	That's what a pill is
Bit of a laugh	Rodney Bickerstaffe
Political levy	Who's for a bevv?
Pint of stout	All out
Sam McLuskey	Treble whuskey
New Agenda	Go on a bender
Union subs	Blackpool pubs
Len Murray	Late night curry
Onion bhaji	Arthur Scargy
TGWU	Vindaloo
Brothers and sisters	Newts, as pissed as

(That's enough slang, Ed.)

DIARY

So that's that then. The disgraceful conspiracy within the capitalist media to blacken the name of Arthur Scargill has been revealed for the disgraceful conspiracy within the capitalist media to blacken the name of Arthur Scargill that it really is. My members are not prepared to see their duly elected leader thrown to the dogs of the ruling classes for placing a million or so quid where it couldn't be got at by anyone not duly elected to the post of President of the National Union of Mineworkers. What's all the talk of a secret account? How could it be secret if I knew about it, tell me that? I tell you this. The day a duly elected President of the NUM cannot place the hard-earned money of ordinary decent Soviet Mineworkers in a secret French bank account is the day when the Labour Party which I have struggled to serve for the past thirty years betrays all claims to be the Party of the working class let's make no bones about it, comrades.

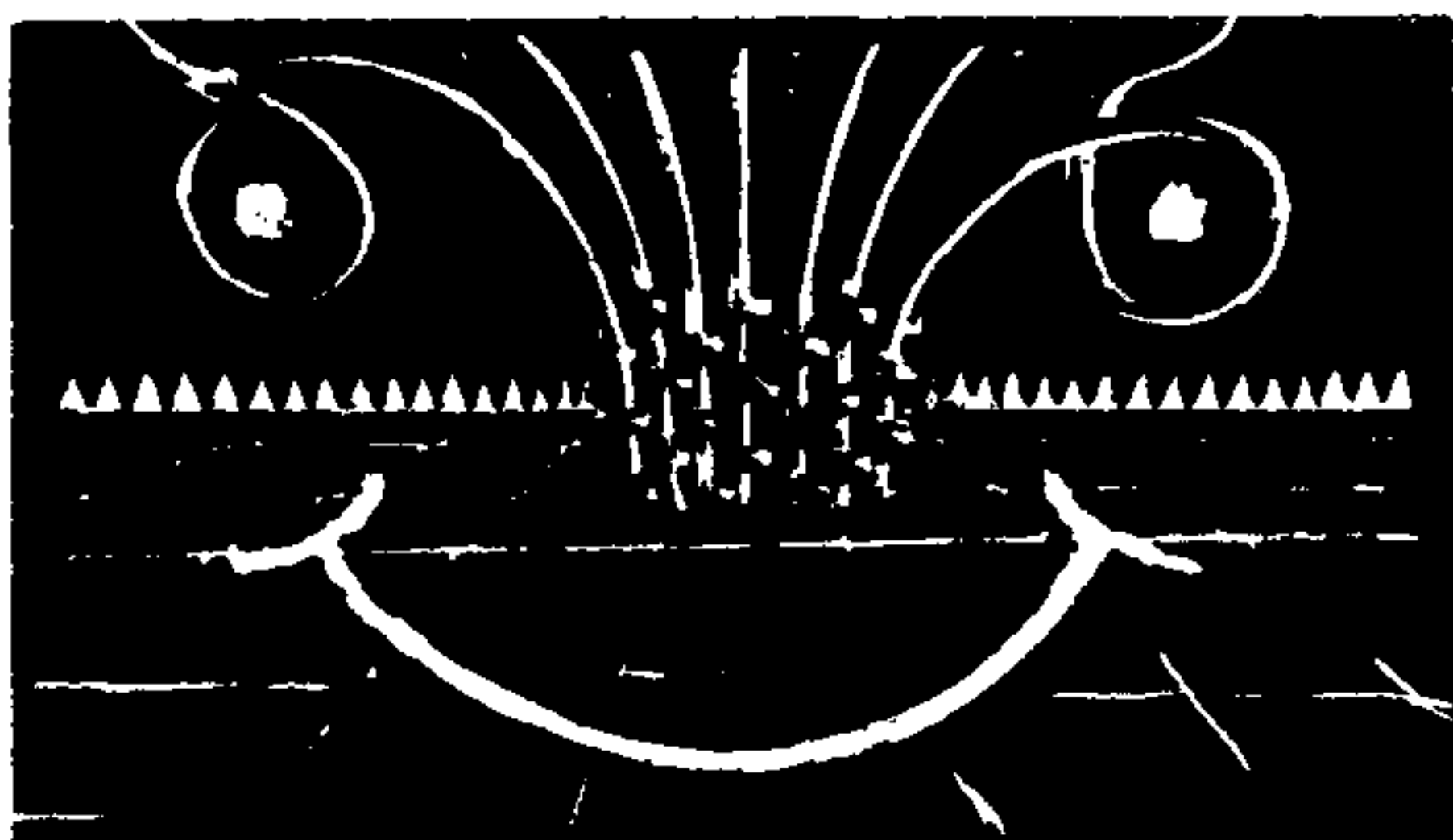
On a more personal note, here's a tip for the lovely housewives in the community, who have had to put up with local stains and suchlike over their precious floors: my good lady, Mrs Arthur Scargill, recommends Amtico flooring and exclusive Poggenpohl work surfaces in your kitchen. They wipe beautiful, and your daily help will love 'em too, lads.

The working class is my class and always will be my class because I'm working class and wouldn't belong to any other class not if it wasn't working class, it would be a betrayal. I was explaining this to my chauffeur the other day. "Alf," I said — his name is Alphonse — "Alf, do you know why I am grateful for being a member of the working class? Answer me when I ask you a question."

"Because it means you can be driven round on a top salary in a Jaguar, m'sieur?" he said.

"No," I said. "Not at all. From your answer it seems obvious that you have willingly or unwillingly accepted the concerted campaign of indoctrination maintained by a ruthless ruling class in order to stifle the expression of the working class. No, the reason I am grateful for being a member of the working class is that I enjoy the comradeship and solidarity of the rest of my class, great blokes, truly magnificent men, they'd follow me anywhere."

"Funny you should mention that, m'sieur," said Alf. "Because they tell me they



ARTHUR SCARGILL

are — 'ow you say? — determined to follow you all the way, m'sieur."

"All the way! All the way! Magnificent!" says I.

"All the way to your secret French bank account, m'sieur," says Alf.

"This limo's in a terrible state. Dust everywhere," says I. "It'd better be ship-shape for tomorrow or there'll be hell to pay. Comrade."

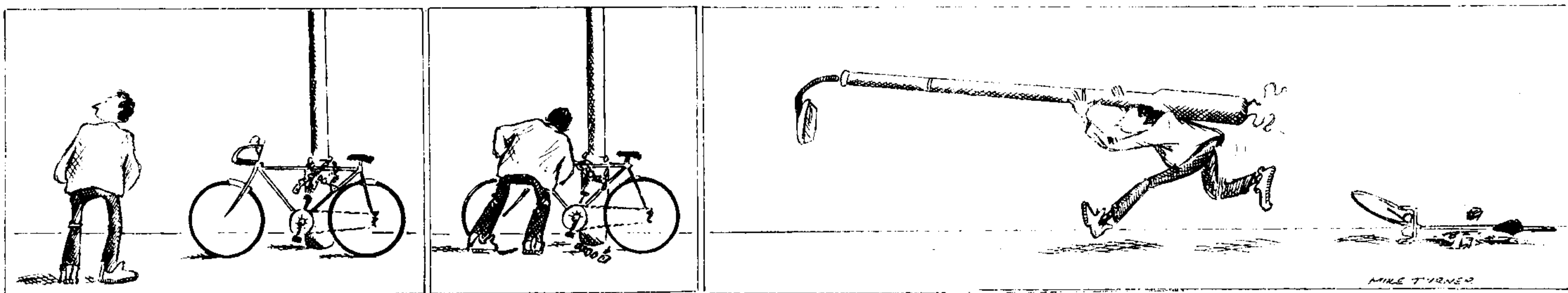
I am what I suppose some people would call "handsome". The ladies tell me my face has the kind of rugged integrity combined with chiselled working class good looks which, they tell me, is something of a turn-on. I mention this not out of any selfish pride — there is no room in our movement for solitary egotists — but to promote the interests of the working class. Going down the pits, I find a lot of our lads deeply impressed by my appearances on the television under the full blaze of the capitalist media. These brave lads look up to me for tips on what I like to call male grooming. In answer to their many calls, I have responded by issuing an official NUM pamphlet titled *Tips from The Top: Scargill's Framework Proposals for a Silky Smooth Skin and Interim Coiffure Composites*. My initial recommendations are to keep well away from dusty surfaces, to keep your skin clean at all times of the day, and never to grub up your hair by entering dark, dank or sooty places. I have kept to these rules all my life, and, as you can see, the results speak for themselves. Well done, lads, keep up the heroic struggle.

Let me make one thing crystal clear. The rumour has been spread that I am an aggressive paranoid conspiracy theorist. I tell

you this. It is not only untrue: it is false and also bogus. It is a vicious and totally inaccurate lie that has been planted by a central planning committee, meeting in conditions of total secrecy to conduct an unparalleled witch-hunt. This totally divisive committee, made up of unelected representatives from the multi-nationals, the Gnomes of Zurich, the fat-cats in Brussels, the Murdoch press, various right-wing organisations, anti-Marxist big business pressure groups, CIA-backed consortia of movements dedicated to the crushing of the working class, the Labour Party Kinnock-backed hierarchy, the 4 per cent of people who own 98 per cent of our land, and the CBI, takes its orders direct from the Prime Minister. They have orchestrated a smear campaign on a level unsurpassed in Trades Union history. But I tell you this. None of these many thousands of organisations can call me an aggressive paranoid conspiracy theorist and hope to get away with it without being smashed in the face.

Hardship is summ'at I've learned to live with, mind. During our victorious Miners Strike of 1984, when the brave working class lads and lasses of the NUM gained vastly increased pay, improved conditions, called a halt to pit closures and brought down a Tory government, we all of us learned to live with hardship. Arthur Scargill doesn't lightly forget the sacrifices he, along with so many of his comrades, made during that gruelling year. Solidarity with his comrades means a lot to their Arthur, and I was proud to suffer alongside them.

I'm not just talking about the suffering caused by the brutal hardship and endless inner turmoil of purchasing a new house and the resultant burden of mortgage repayments; I'm talking about self-imposed hardship too, to make me at one with my fellow workers. Hairspray, for instance. I made a definite point, every second Thursday, of voluntarily forgoing my regular dose of hairspray. And on every first Friday in the month I refused point blank there and then to drink wine while dining out. Occasionally, I would even take over the steering wheel and drive myself to the television studios, where I would put on my own eye-liner. Tough? Of course it was, but it earned me the lasting respect of my fellow working class miners. I tell you this frankly; the respect of those lads as they sup their ale is something you couldn't buy if you had a million pounds.



Literary Review

Our Mutual Funds

Dickens

Peter Ackroyd

(Sinclair-Stevenson, £19.95)

(Dickens, Eliot, Wilde — an imaginary conversation)

DICKENS: Well gentlemen, I think we are all assembled, we that have so much in common.

WILDE: I spent a lifetime convinced of my singularity, but let that pass.

ELIOT: And yet our gathering is not complete. Where is Mr Ackroyd?

DICKENS: He will be here, presently. He is being interviewed by A.N. Wilson for the *Daily Telegraph*.

WILDE: That is a definition of celebrity.

DICKENS: Hush, let us get to the matter in hand. The matter of myself. Or rather the matter of ourselves. For we have all, these seven years since, marched and fretted on the stage of Mr Ackroyd's imagination.

ELIOT: And yet the connection is not so very strong. You and I have made stout biographies. Mr Wilde here was the subject of a novel.

WILDE: Then I have the advantage of you. My life was ever a work of fiction.

DICKENS: Stop. There is someone coming.

(Ackroyd enters. He winks at Wilde, smiles quizzically at Eliot and finally regards Dickens with unfeigned admiration.)

DICKENS: And so, sir, we meet at last.

ACKROYD: On the contrary, we have met several times. Once in a room in London. Another time on an underground train in Essex. You had a white beard and seemed preoccupied.

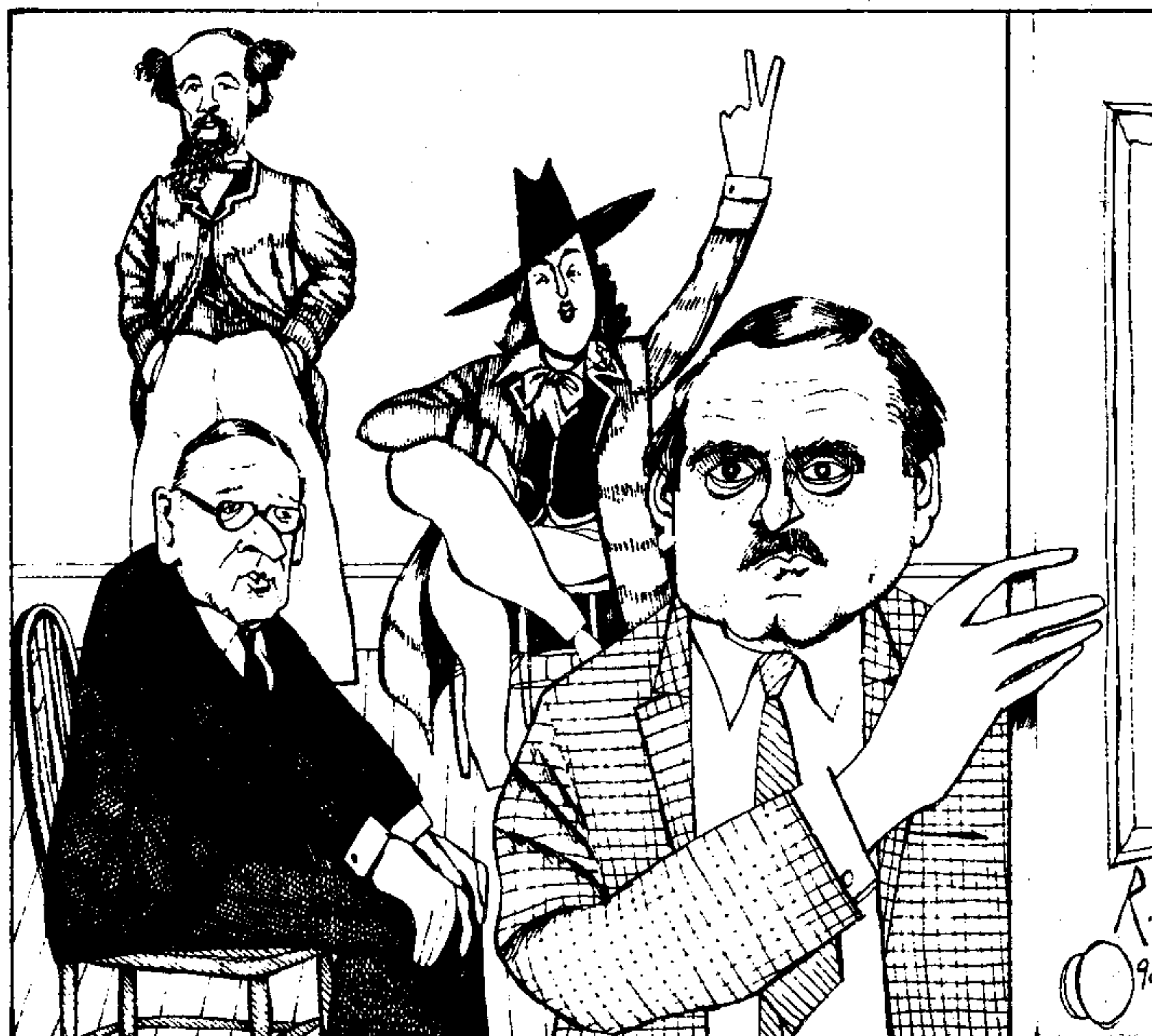
DICKENS: This is preposterous!

WILDE: Not preposterous, merely poetic. But Mr Eliot has a question.

ELIOT: I do not understand the bio-

grapher's art. It is beyond my experience. But it seemed to me that, among your critics, Professor Carey's was the response of a man who dislikes what he reads but cannot bring himself to say so.

WILDE: That is a definition of a *Sunday Times* reviewer... But I too have a question for Mr Ackroyd. There are ourselves. There was poor Chatterton. Even your last novel reminded one of dear Mr Hardy. One might almost say that your imagination was entirely vicarious.



ACKROYD: It is of no consequence.

WILDE: Gracious! You sound like Mr Toots in *Dombey*. I see that both your sense of flattery and your sense of discretion do you credit. That is a criticism of your book, by the by... But we are evading the greater issue. Mr Dickens?

DICKENS: It is a very long book.

ACKROYD: It was a very long life.

ELIOT (sharply): That is not a justification. If nothing else, the artist must discriminate.

WILDE: While Mr Ackroyd gushes? I take your point entirely.

DICKENS: I am impressed by your confidence. I am startled by your style. So many sharp, singular words: Dust. Water. Birds in flight. Birds caged. The wind. Light. I do not understand it.

ELIOT: That is odd. You were one of the earliest English impressionists.

ACKROYD: I must go. I have an appointment with William Blake.

WILDE (laughs): Another visionary?

DICKENS (thoughtful): Do you think that you have succeeded, where so many have failed?

ELIOT: Mr Raine thinks not.

WILDE: Mr Raine, of course, would know.

ACKROYD: At the time of writing I certainly did. Immediately after the book was finished I thought I did. Now I'm not so sure. Only the bank manager has the answer.

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

A MYSTERY for Inspector Morse to solve. From page 17 of David Lodge's *Changing Places* (1975): "No one could award a delicate mark like B+/B++ with such confident aim, or justify it with such cogency and conviction."

From page 14 of Colin Dexter's *The Riddle of the Third Mile* (1983): "No one else in the University could award a delicate grading like B+/B++ with such confident aplomb, or justify it with such fierce conviction."

■ LIFE, surely, can only get happier for Patricia Miller, the ageless American book trade chronicler about town.

In May last year she met and became enamoured of Simon Schama at the Savoy on the evening on which Sir Brian Rix presented him with a cheque for £25,000 for winning the NCR book award with *Citizens*.

Soon after Schama returned to Boston where the prolific British historian lives and teaches at Harvard. Pat Miller, in her role as literary editor of the *Evening Standard*, decided Schama would be just the ticket to be the paper's chief reviewer, and accompanied by her old time buddy John Walsh, her opposite number at the *Sunday Times*, flew to Boston to discuss Uganda and literature with Schama.

Walshie, much to the delicious Pat's annoyance, tried to get in on the act, no doubt hoping to sign up the Professor to do a review or three for the gargantuan book section of the *Sunday Times*. The subject at lunch turned to Spanish customs, and the furious Pat announced to the amused Walsh and the startled Schama that there were no decent Spanish painters, only sculptors. Asked politely by Schama to name one or two, Pat declined. Presumably Schama will never discover what nationality Mrs Miller thinks Velasquez, Murillo, Goya, Picasso, Gris and countless others are as at this point he decided to evacuate Uganda and not to write for the *Standard*.

This, no doubt, was as well as poor Pat was astonished to be dismissed from her job when she returned to London. She was conspicuous by her absence at the spectacular party last week to launch Sir Sincere-Stevenson's new list, but then she would be as the party was also in honour of A.N. Wilson's new novel. The Old People's Friend has become Pat's successor at the *Standard*.

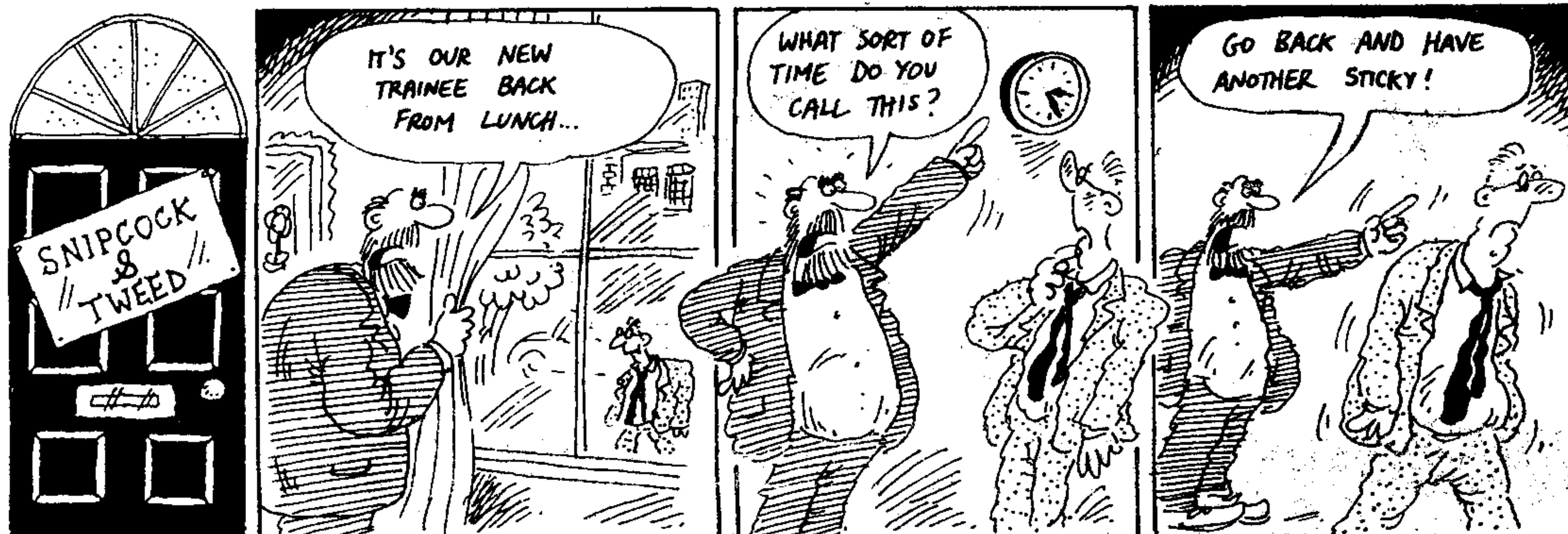
Let us hope Walshie is more secure in his literary editorship. Tom Sutcliffe, the *Indy's* arts editor, was invited by Andrew Neill to assume the same role at the *Sunset Times*. Sutcliffe graciously declined, saying he thought all, but all, of their arts reviewers were duds. Neill, desperate to persuade honest Tom to clamber on board, assured him he could dismiss as many as he wanted. Sutcliffe has now accepted the job.

□ IT IS NICE to know that Tim Heald has at last found an appropriate subject for his next book, the official biography of Prince Philip, which Hodders have signed up for £350,000. Will Tim do the decent thing and be discreet?

■ TWO WEEKS ago the *Observer* carried a sad picture of three disconsolate looking assistants in Waterstone's Hampstead branch surrounded by groaning piles of books and not a single customer.

The photograph was to celebrate the launch of *Observer Bookline*, an event that other papers somehow failed to report. The unnamed *Observer* hack didn't state that the Waterstonization of W.H. Smug's Sherratt & Hughes shops is causing chairman Sir Simon Hornby a near coronary attack every time the name of his subsidiary Waterstone is mentioned.

'Bookworm'



Hinkley Point

Barnes' storm in a teacup

WITH bitterness and fury Michael Barnes QC, the inspector at the inquiry into the building of a nuclear power station at Hinkley Point, has given his verdict. It should go ahead, he says, despite the Government's "unlawful" attempt to stop it.

Thus Barnes hits back at the energy secretary who had made him look so stupid after he sat through 182 days of hearings. His report, nearly one million words rattled out in 5½ months, was studied for four months by the Department of Energy who then tried to sneak it out while Parliament was meeting on the Gulf.

There were no copies for the press. Hacks who wanted to see it could go through it in the energy department's library where, unfortunately, there were only three chairs. Journalists were given the text of Barnes's recommendations plus a letter replying to him from John Wakeham, the energy secretary, who takes 34 pages to say that nuclear power is great and, no, we don't want any more of it, thank you.

The difference between the two is that Barnes believes Hinkley Point should be built because it would be in line with government policies on seeking diversity and reducing pollution, while the question of money was speculative. Wakeham, an accountant by trade, says economics comes first.

Barnes was appointed with the expectation that he would respond to the proposal to build Hinkley Point with well-chosen words of encouragement. Just as he was about to do so, the Government pulled the rug, table and chair from beneath him by saying that it had changed its mind.

Barnes had two choices. He could say: "You fool!" — meaning Parkinson — "Fancy imagining that anyone could want another nuclear power station." Or: "You fool!" — meaning Wakeham — "Why did you abandon this wonderful idea?" He chose the second option.

Barnes must be in a mood to agree with the prime minister's verdict on the energy secretary: "John Wakeham's an absolute disaster," she declared, according to Lord Young's memoirs in the *Sunday Times*. Barnes even quotes Cecil Parkinson approvingly against Wakeham. "It is very difficult to have any high confidence at any particular time that one type of plant will have any long term economic

benefit over another," he remarks snootily. "This is precisely the point made by Mr Parkinson and in my opinion it is self evidently correct."

The reason the new minister and the inspector have fallen out is that they are both obedient public servants. Barnes was appointed to give his imprimatur to a plan of the Central Electricity Generating Board and, in what now seems a faraway world, was told to rush it through in three months, well before privatisation, so building could start before the shareholders arrived. Unfortunately for him objectors kept the inquiry going for 17 months.

Wakeham was given the energy portfolio to sort out Parkinson's mess and to bring to it the realism of the whips' office, taking account only of how many votes a policy would produce and how much money it would cost. He too obeyed orders and so nuclear was dumped.

Barnes meanwhile argues that the Government wants a diversity of energy sources, so as not to depend on coal or oil, and that nuclear provides it. It also wants nuclear to combat global warming and Barnes falls for the nuclear lobby's idea that by heating up a lump of uranium to 3,000°C you make a contribution. Wakeham's reply is that these things matter, but not as much as "economics".

Barnes account has a hangdog air about it and makes a legal point over Wakeham's announcement last November that, whatever the inspector said, Hinkley Point would not be built. If the statement meant what everyone thought it meant, says Barnes, it would be unlawful because it would be "perilously close to deciding any application, including this application, in advance." No public authority, he says, is entitled to fetter the discretion of an inspector. Of course not.

The nuclear lobby is trying to welcome the Barnes report and pretend that in 1994 it will start to build Hinkley Point C. It completely brushes aside the fact that by then there will be no skilled people around to do it. Because, thanks to Wakeham, no one is taking up nuclear science or engineering as a subject. It is now a dying craft; its only residual task to clear up the mess it has made by de-commissioning power stations and disposing of nuclear waste.

None of that need trouble Mr Barnes, who has returned to the obscurity from which he came — back home in Dulwich Village absorbed once more in the fascinating world of leasehold reform.

So it was that negotiations began last year in which it was uncharitably suggested that commissions that should have been paid were in fact withheld from Mr Malter-Davies. After a series of negotiations between Read, Malter-Davies and an intermediary, Lep eventually managed to find some \$580,000 paid to Malter-Davies through a Swiss bank.

Although Tri-Flon does not appear to be a subsidiary or associate company of Lep and Mr Read does not list it in his various directorships, his fellow directors at Lep must be familiar with his arrangements with Tri-Flon or they would not have authorised the payment.

P&O

The exhibitionists

NOW THAT Sir Jeffrey Stirling has given up his advisory job at the trade department he will perhaps be able to give minions at his exhibitions subsidiary Earls Court and Olympia (ECANDO) the benefit of his wisdom on how to run a business.

ECANDO is extremely nervous about stories suggesting that the exhibition industry needs reforming. When a hard-hitting and well-informed article appeared in *Marketing Week* at the end of last month, P&O was stung into action. The article had quoted opinions from Peter Cotterell, waspish secretary-general of the National Exhibitors' Association, on the recent Monopolies and Mergers Commission report (see last *Eye*) on greedy exhibition hall owners.

P&O's PR manager, Sue Claypole-Smith, came up with a canny ploy. In a memo to director John Glanfield she suggested P&O demand a right of reply

with a grovelling follow-up interview, while putting the squeeze on the magazine. "We are considering advertising Olympia Conference Centre in Marketing Week," she wrote. "I have used this interview technique before and it usually works in our favour."

Let us hope the chairman of P&O points out that the correct medical term for this technique is blackmail.

The beef trade

A Good Man in Ireland

THE IRAQIS may have scuppered business for more than a few arms dealers, but it is less than fair to blame Saddam Hussein for the demise of Irish beef tycoon Larry Goodman — a line the gullible *Sunday Times* has promoted assiduously.

The IR£460m crash of the Goodman empire poses the biggest threat to the political survival of his friend Charles Haughey, the Irish prime minister, since the latter was cleared of gunrunning 20 years ago.

Only two years ago Haughey sat side-by-side with Goodman to announce an IR£260m development plan for the Irish beef industry. It was the high water mark in the remarkable relationship between Ireland's most durable politician and the workaholic beef baron whose company's turnover was the equivalent of a remarkable 4.5 per cent of the Irish GNP.

Immediately after his return to power in March 1987 Haughey restored insurance cover for export of Irish beef to Iraq. The fact that the previous government had removed such cover due to blatant Iraqi non-payment seemed to escape him. Goodman was the major beneficiary of the change of policy.

Not content with getting enough of a good thing, Goodman attempted to take the Irish taxpayer to the cleaners. Ireland exported IR£80m worth of beef to Iraq in 1987 and 1988. Goodman insured beef sales worth IR£130m, despite the fact that the terms of his cover specified that only Irish beef could be insured.

It was to this unlikely saviour that Haughey entrusted the future of the clapped-out Irish beef trade. The grandiose IR£260m plan was to be funded by IR£60m in government grants and IR£170m in tax-subsidised low-interest loans. Not that Larry was putting up much money. IR£30m or less.

Unfortunately even the best-laid plans can go awry. Instead of using the low-interest loans for the purpose for which they were intended — to develop the beef industry — Goodman went on a spending spree on the London stock exchange, taking stakes in Unigate and Berisford and losing IR£100m in the process.

Other parts of the Goodman empire began to crumble, too. True to form the Iraqis failed to cough up leaving Larry with a claimed IR£180m bad debt. Even worse, back home opposition MP and former minister Des O'Malley blew the whistle on the insurance scam and the Irish government finally cancelled export guarantees last year after what was described in the *Dail* as "fraudulent misrepresentation". Now that the inevitable crash has come, with Goodman owing his banks IR£460m — most of which will never be recovered — a full judicial inquiry appears inevitable.

This is the prospect Haughey fears above all else but which his arch-rival O'Malley, who as justice minister oversaw Haughey's arms trial in 1970, is doing nothing to discourage.

However, all this will come as a surprise to readers of the *Sunset Times* which has exceeded even its deification of Ernest Saunders in its ludicrous promotion of Goodman. A glowing profile of him dismissed as gossip all allegations of fraud and political intrigue, ignored the embarrassing Garda investigations and pronounced that Goodman's "preference for privacy has been interpreted as a need for secrecy".

Does his preference for privacy mean the 33 banks which are now his creditors were largely unaware of all those other loan accounts with their competitors and the resulting huge debt?

Meanwhile Goodman has been given protection from his creditors by emergency legislation pushed through the *Dail* by Haughey. With assets so far adrift from liabilities, it looks as though the banks will pay for Goodman's adventures on the stock exchange.

High finance

Lep dog

AMONG the great and good who gave character references for disgraced Guinness share price supporter Gerald Ronson, jailed for 12 months and fined a whopping £5 million, was John Leslie Read, the esteemed chairman of the Lep Group plc.

Lep, based in Epsom, is a major player in the freight and transport business and, as one might expect, Mr Read is a high profile operator with a flair for commerce.

This flair was to be seen on 31 January 1984, when the Lep Group entered into an agreement with a Swiss entity called Tri-Flon International Trading, based in Geneva. Tri-Flon was to help Lep with acquisitions and be paid commission of between one half and two per cent of the purchases.

Tri-Flon, in which Read had a 50 per cent shareholding, operated out of the offices of one S. Abecassis in Geneva, an Egyptian lawyer Read uses for his other offshore companies. Tri-Flon is in fact another entity in which Read has, through an entity called St Gabriel, registered in Vaduz in Liechtenstein, a 50 per cent shareholding. Read is said to be the wholly beneficial owner of that entity. The other 50 per cent of Tri-Flon is owned by an American, Jay Malter-Davies, of Los Angeles, who introduced Read to Abecassis.

Lep acquired the companies recommended by Tri-Flon and commissions were duly paid to the company in accordance with the agreement. But for some inexplicable reason, Mr Read of Tri Flon did not want to share with his partner, Mr Malter-Davies, the commissions that were paid by Mr Read of Lep.



In the City

ONE OF THE most interesting "now it can be told" Guinness stories concerns what Ivan Boesky and Gerald Ronson had in common before they both discovered prison.

Both men, avid share dealers in big takeover plays, enjoyed a cosy share dealing relationship before Ronson helped to recruit Boesky into the illegal Guinness share support operation.

So much so that there were previously undisclosed discussions about forming a British-based arbitrage fund by raising £50 million from the two main men and assorted friendly institutions. Early in 1986 Ronson had invested £5 million in Boesky's last and biggest investment fund which later that year received \$100 million from Guinness as a "thank you" for his share support during the Distillers battle.

A Boesky-Ronson fund went out the window when Dennis Levine blew the whistle on Ivan the Insider and he took up singing for a living.

But prior to these unexpected events, from 1985 and well into 1986, Ivan the Terrible and the man who will not now be Lord Petrol Pump moved side by side into and out of a number of bid situations. This synchronised share buying owed much if not all to regular telephone and personal contact between the two men which extended from business into a social relationship, though not friendship.

Boesky wrote to Ronson in April 1986 asking for his help in finding a modest London home overlooking Hyde Park for which he was prepared to pay £1-2 million. Ronson directed him to Chestertons, the upscale estate agents.

Boesky and his wife were guests of Ronson on his yacht in the South of France. The weekend was not a success. Boesky turned up late, left early and when not on the ship's telephone bragged about how much had been spent on the family home in upstate New York and a Riviera villa.

Boesky, however, was at least impressed by the floating Ronson palace. He wrote asking about designers for a new yacht. Again Ronson obliged, sending him to Jon Bannenberg and other suitably expensive designers.

Boesky had a relentless appetite for information of which he was much more a taker than a giver. So a major player in the UK market like Ronson was a prime source to be cultivated. Boesky did not believe in analysis: he dealt on inside information — real or imagined. Ronson was renowned as having good information. Boesky would call every two or three weeks to see what was good to be in. He would see Ronson on the Heron chairman's regular visits to New York. Just what Ronson received from all this is less clear.

How closely Boesky mirrored Ronson's moves in London can be seen by Ivan's UK port-

folio in mid-1986. That was when he stopped share dealing and turned full time to pulling off the best deal of his life — escaping from the Feds with just over two years in prison, a tax deductible \$50 million fine with the balance in shares not worth the supposed \$50 million and a large part of his fortune from insider dealing intact.

Trust House Forte was one of the shares both men favoured during 1986. Heron-owned National Insurance & Guarantee bought two million THF early in the year. Boesky built up a holding of almost 6,500,000 shares at a cost of just under £11 million. The story there was of a possible bid or a deal on the Savoy which Lord Forte was besieging. Boesky fancied himself as a player in the Savoy battle and had ideas of a deal involving the Beverly Hills Hotel which he owned, backed by Marriott or another US hotel group. All this came to nothing and Boesky ended up selling out at a probable near seven-figure loss.

Grand Metropolitan was another favourite on the speculation that followed the death of founder Sir Max Joseph. NIG purchased some two million shares in spring 1986. They were soon followed in by Boesky who bought three million shares costing £12 million-plus. NIG and Boesky both began to peel out during the summer leaving Ivan with another loss.

Cadbury Schweppes was another hot stock that Boesky and Ronson were in that summer before it all fell apart. Boesky spent just over £1 million on 700,000 Cadbury shares looking for the bid that never came. NIG had more than double this amount. Boesky sold in August at a small profit.

But Ivan the Taker was himself taken for a ride by Ronson when he followed him into engineers Johnson Firth Brown, paying some £1.3 million for over 3.5 million shares. These came from the larger NIG stake which Ronson decided to unload. Some months later Boesky was still nursing a small loss. "He did not always get his timing right," Ronson remarked with satisfied smile.

Boesky followed Ronson into Dee Corporation with a £1.25 million investment (he met then chairman Alec Monk on the yacht) and Harris Queensway (run by Ronson's old Debenhams/British Telecom chum "Sir" Phil Harris). He also made a modest investment in Ratners, run by the brother-in-law of Ronson's broker and now fellow Ford *alumnus* Tony Parnes.

Boesky began to liquidate these investments (made from New York and separate from the portfolio run by Cambrian & General in London) from July 1986 as he prepared for his day in court. By mid-August he was out of shares like AE (taken over with the aid of another Cazenove-assisted support operation), Exco, Dowty, BAT, Racal, Standard Chartered, Hawley and Pritchard.

At August 1986 the London portfolio had cost just under £11.5 million and showed a market value of just over £12.25 million. Not so hot for

such a supposedly hot shot market operator. But then Ivan was not an insider and that, not through being shrewd, was how he always made his money and his reputation.

Boesky's Guinness involvement cost him just under \$7 million. He also made a profit on share deals in Argyll and Distillers. Despite this, Boesky told Guinness director Tom Ward, who orchestrated the relationship between Guinness and his fellow American, that his losses were \$30 million. Which makes the \$100 million Guinness invested in repayment an even more staggering pay-off.

PS: Ivan's other major British investment was in Hanson shares and convertible, largely if not entirely as a result of his stake in Imperial Group which had been taken over early in 1986. He held just under nine million Hanson shares at a cost of £14.5 million and £6.5 million of convertible. He showed a small profit on both. Ivan was eager to discuss the Imperial bid battle with the Scotland Yard detectives who interviewed him. But this was of no interest to the Guinness investigation. Also there was absolutely no suggestion that Hanson had been engaged in any form of Guinness-style illegal actions during the bid.

A Final Guinness Quiz

1 Why, if it was illegal and an attack on the integrity of the market to manipulate the price of Guinness upwards, was it not equally illegal to manipulate the price downwards as was done by the fans of a no doubt unknowing Argyll such as "Sandy" Lewis (now a Federal prisoner) and Nahum Vaskevitch (now a Federal fugitive)?

2 Why was so little interest shown by the authorities in the help provided to Argyll — which firmly denies any illegal market operations — by its fans and supporters?

3 How much will Guinness rely on such tactics to rebut the much talked of but still not seen Argyll writ for compensation?

4 Why has no action been taken over the share support with unpaid indemnity alleged by Olivier Roux during the Guinness trial which he said involved Nicholas Jones of Schroders and Matthew Brown to help fend off Scottish & Newcastle?

5 Why has no action been taken over the support operations orchestrated post-Guinness by Morgan Grenfell and Henry Ansbacher — on behalf of Next when it acquired Grattan and Lowe Howard Spink (then home to Mrs Thatcher's favourite PR man, Tim Bell) when it took over Good Relations — which involved indemnities and false invoices?

6 Just how much of the Ernest Saunders fable *Nightmare* was written by son James, and how much by former *Times* City hack William Kay, "without whose invaluable guidance and assistance there would be no book at all"?

'Slicker'

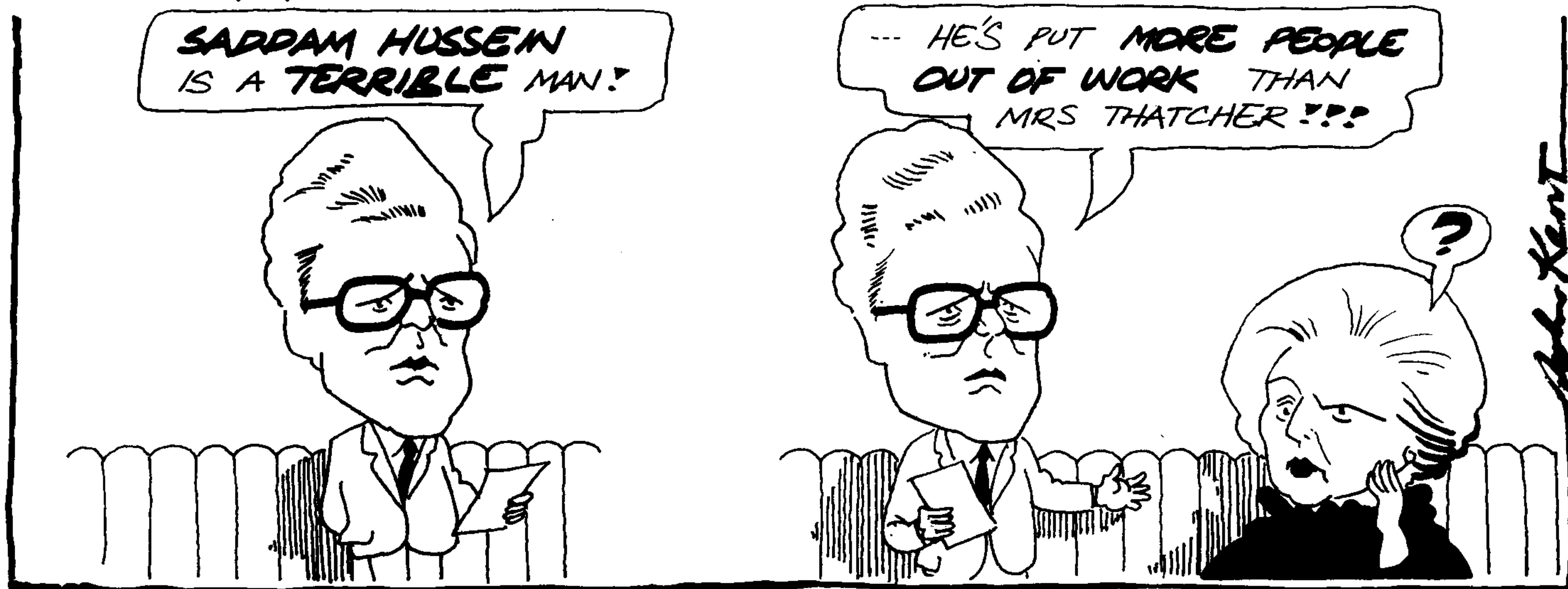
MAGGIE RULES OK

BY JOHN KENT

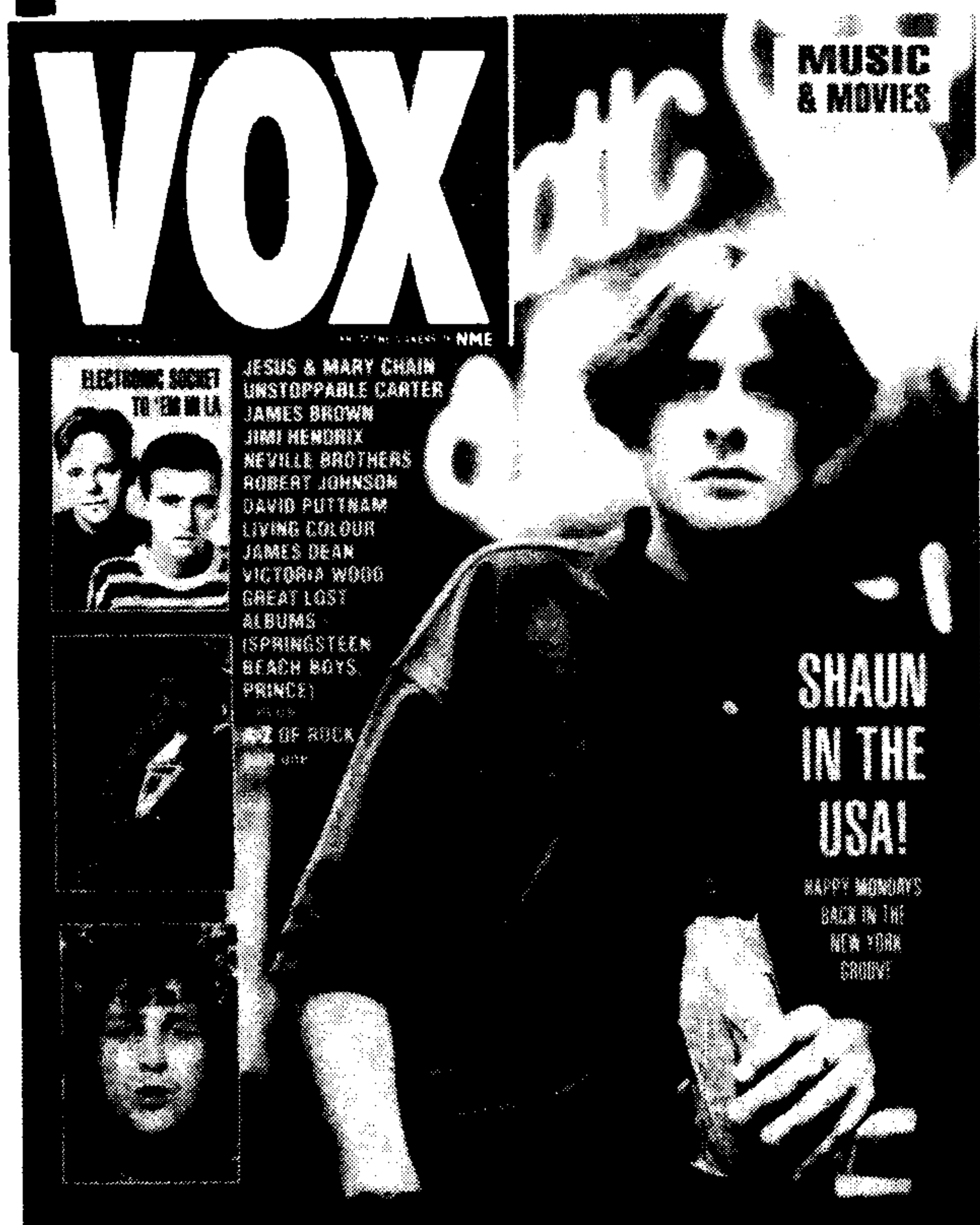
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WHO SAID?

"I DON'T WANT NO PONCY SOUTHERN DRINK"

- a. Shaun Ryder, Happy Mondays
- b. Billy Connolly
- c. Marti Pellow, Wet Wet Wet

"NO, I'VE NEVER DONE ANYONE IN. BUT I'VE HUNG AROUND WITH PEOPLE WHO HAVE"

- a. Mick Hucknall
- b. Gary Kemp
- c. Reg Kray

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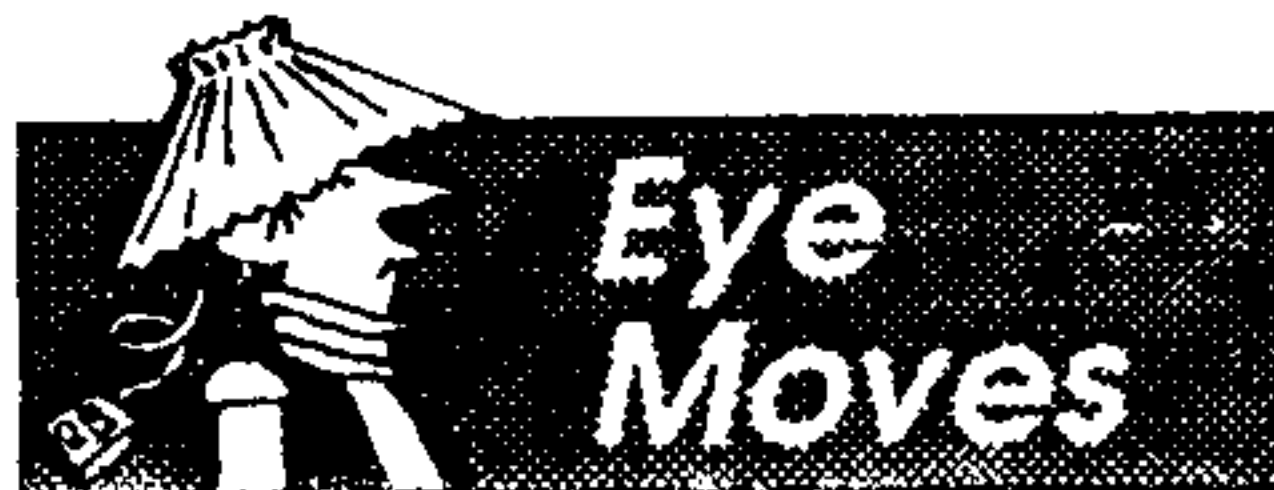
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PROFESSIONAL man, 51, seeks sensitive sensuous woman with artistic interests. Box 5356.

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VERY SEXY woman student (20) seeks passionate existentialist for travel light relationship. Box 5550.

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ATTRACTIVE, easy-going, wellish-off man (late 40s) with more vices than virtues now in London SW13, hopefully soon in France, seeks a woman who can match wits with the best but doesn't mind being seen at her worst, who can exchange the town for the country without a second thought, who is quick to laugh and slow to be displeased. And raring to begin again. Box 5650.

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FRENCH LADY, educated, 42, sexy. Looking for army/navy officer for relationship. Box 6350.

CONCERT PIANIST, handsome, 22, slim, fair, seeks beautiful lady. Photo to Box 6450.

NO FALSE promises. I'm male, 34, divorced, solvent (just), slim, considerate, honest, loving and seek and attractive, slim woman with similar qualities to love and eventually settle down with. I love long hair, do you? Photo appreciated. South West. Box 6550.

LIVELY London-based American woman, 40s, seeks amusing, academic, similar male. Box 6650.

REMARKABLE FARMER, (26) tall, dark, handsome, dynamic, well educated/travelled, quite ambitious, very unusual seeks sensational Gemini beauty for rampant couplings. Vivid personality, toughness, discretion, super-natural intelligence, bags of life skills and tolerance should ensure utopian eco-dream fulfilment in paradise forever. Photo/letter ensures reply. Box 6750.

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VIVACIOUS, bi-lingual latin widow, young 50's, seeks affluent go-getter. Mediterranean villa preferred to Aston. Box 7650.

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STAFFORDSHIRE. Independent, very pretty, petite, blonde lady, 36, divorced, seeks interesting, unattached, professional male for candlelit dinners. Photo appreciated. Box 5750.

PECKISH old hen, battery still sparking, seeks rooster, but retain own perches. Box 7250.

I AM A graduate ex-naval officer, aged 32, with broad interests and old-fashioned morals, who loves children and the countryside. If you are a chaste girl, late 20s-ish, with a sense of humour and adventure who, like me, has been single too long, then please write to John (Herts). Box 7350.

UN-MIDDLE AGED mutant ninja school ma'am (28) seeks sumo wrestling weed for delicious cream teas with the vicar (Oxfordshire). Box 7450.

DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING, 40 year old vivacious professional man wants discrete and uncomplicated relationship with attractive, cultured black or asian lady, 20s, London. Box 6950.

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LONDON. Irish male, 28, (virgin). Nice boy seeks discrete, sincere woman (20-50) for naughty weekends as Mr and Mrs Smith. Scoring opportunities when younger sidetracked by more innocent pursuits. Now wanting to play but too inhibited. Box 7850.

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COUNTRY LOVING lady, fifties, petite and slim, would like to meet an old-fashioned gentleman of similar age. Box 11050.

DO YOU LIKE inflatable toys, 70s music and spicy food? This single, fun-loving female with appalling bad taste would like to meet a male counterpart, 27-37, for outings/adventures. Beds/Herts. Box 11150.

INTERESTING, intelligent, exceptionally good-looking, tall, 40, married male seeks very attractive woman for very discreet relationship. London. Box 11250.

AFFECTION STARVED 29 year old, married male, seeks intelligent, attractive female smoker (any age) for discreet romance and adventure. Glos/Avon/S. Wales. Photo appreciated. Box 11350.

ATTRACTIVE, young gent, 24, seeks attractive, mature, caring, older lady (33-43) for love and adventure. Photo appreciated. Yorks. Box 11450.

MALE, married, 43, 6'0", seeks female for fun and romance. Chislehurst, Kent. Box 11550.

DESPERATELY bored, tall, Yorkshireman, 29, castaway in philistine Leicester, seeks vivacious, cultured Rubenesque rescuer. Box 11650.

ARE YOU a warm, intelligent, humorous individual? So am I — also professional, attractive, London-based female 23. Phone number with letter or note to Box 8450.

NORTH EAST attractive lady, lawyer, 40, desires romantic, considerate, older male (tall, healthy, wealthy, wise). Photo. Box 8550.

KEITH from Hertford, slim and fit, early forties, successful in business, divorced, kind, witty, shy, large comfortable home, enjoys countryside and conversation, seeks bright, perceptive, unencumbered girl for sincere long-term relationship. Please write briefly to Box 8650.

LOOKING FOR friendship, romance, fun and excitement (all or any)? Professional lady, 27, needs rescuing from boredom. All genuine offers considered. Reply assured. Box 8750.

MALE, 23, seeks mature, experienced Mrs Robinson for fun and adventures. South East. Box 6050.

FARMER, 52, with no heir to country estate. Nubile help needed. N/S. Very rewarding. Photos returned. Northampton area. Box 5950.

MADONNA sought for hanky-panky sessions with fortyish humorous jazz-crazed writer. Callipygous ladies preferred. Age immaterial. Write now if you've been naughty. South London. Box 8050.

RED HEAD, attractive, independent, warm and fun-loving, 25, enjoys riding, skiing, golf, tennis, concerts, would love to meet a good looking, affectionate, well-off and unattached man, for lots of fun and preferably a long term relationship. London/Home Counties. Photo appreciated. Box 8250.

ARE YOU a good looking, slightly submissive lady who doesn't believe in the equality of the sexes. An affluent, generous, assertive, goodlooking gentleman aged 38, would love to meet you for a one-to-one relationship. Phone number and recent photo please. Box 8850.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 33, seeks cheery, intelligent, adventurous lady. North East. Box 8950.

RANDY, VIRILE, handsome, caring, affluent male seeks discreet relationship with classy, sexy lady. Phone/photo please. Box 9050.

WOMAN DRIVER (38) seeks unattached man for body and soul repair. S.W. Box 9150.

WRITER and professor, energetic 50s, regrettably smokes and ignores BSE seeks vivacious and preferably elegant woman for visits to theatre, gardens, buildings and possibly more intimate pastimes, including trip to Verona. Brighton/London area. Box 9250.

GREEN-EYED Capricorn temporarily out of circulation (jail) on Her Majesty's payroll — good sense of humour essential. North London. Box 9350.

TALL, professional male graduate (26) seeks interesting younger female. London/South. Box 9450.

PRETTY, professional, 40, funloving, sociable and serious N/S, divorced American graduate, very supportive and affectionate. Looking for a caring man with good character, intelligence, success and varied interests. Box 9550.

MALE with almost everything. Good looks, successful, professional career, Master's degree, sporting achievements, publications, happy marriage, beautiful children, shortly inheriting a million, seeks exceptionally attractive female, 18-22 for true romance. Photograph(s) essential. Box 9650.

BRIGHTON widower, mid-60s, Oxford graduate, seeks plump woman any age. Telephone number and photograph would help. Box 9750.

WE CAN'T believe we're doing this but!! — We are two young (30), attractive, intelligent, witty females seeking two mature, genuine guys (up to 35ish) for fun evenings out, dinner, cinema, theatre etc. Must be single, individual men. Feel free to apply. Photos essential. Box 9850.

DELICIOUS sexagenarienne sought to occasionally soothe fevered brow of tall, striking writer, 45, with word, music, wine. Photo appreciated. Box 9950.

HANDSOME, English/Canadian male (33), own home & BMW, seeks pretty Japanese or beautiful western lady who enjoys sushi and pilloving. Object: Kekkon Suru. Offers Byoodoo and Sonkei. English letter and photo to Box 10050.

TIGGER seeks Kanga, with or without Roo, for loving, long term relationship. I'm 46, professional, happy, town and country, proud of you. You are 35 to 45, unattached, non smoking, social, fit and adventurous. Letter with photo ensures reply. London.S.E. Box 10150.

ATTRACTIVE, Bucks professional man, forties, suffering pernicious celibacy desires bonky liaison (permanent?) with sexy screamer. Box 10250.

SINCERE graduate, 35, single, apparently attractive, witty, seeks gentle, slim, humorous lady, E. Anglia/anywhere. Box 10350.

TALL, attractive, affluent, professional guy, (35) seeks sexy girl, 18-35, to spoil and pamper. Aberdeen/anywhere. Box 10450.

ARE YOU A mature, witty, but unappreciated woman, waiting to be discovered by a handsome, healthy, single 28 year old on the run from bimbos? Thank God I found you! Looks not as important as humour, personality, a sense of adventure. I like pubs, walks, talks and snogging. Photo and letter appreciated. Box 10550.

SALLY, 27, witty, affectionate, intelligent, average looks over-compensated for by kind nature, seeks N/S man of integrity. East Midlands. Box 10650.

TALL, SLIM, attractive female, 33, seeks sensitive, hunky male for fun and friendship. Newcastle. Box 10750.

HELPI DAMSEL urgently required to rescue pining 26 year old from clutches of military boredom. Inmate is fit, youthful, of quiet disposition, has all his own teeth and would be acceptable to anybody's mother. Long letter and photo appreciated. Box 5850.

GENTLEMAN, 50 ish, would like to meet personable, lively and communicative lady with a view to longterm, caring relationship and to share life's pleasures. I am 5'10", graduate, retired, reasonably affluent, marriage ending. Enjoy travel, films, golf, theatre, bridge, fishing, meals and good company. Non-smoker. Location: S. Midlands/anywhere. Photo and letter appreciated. Total discretion/confidentiality. Why not meet for a nice lunch/dinner and see how we get on? Box 8150.

The first one or two words of all ads are in bold type at no extra charge. For extra capital letters, bold type and centering choose the slightly dearer semi-display style.

HANDSOME MALE (19) seeks older (25-45) woman for fun. Discretion assured. Scotland. Box 8350.

PUSSYCAT seeks owl with/without pea-green boat. Must be elegant and wise. Professional lady, 30, attractive, seeks humorous man for fun and friendship. Portsmouth/South. Box 11750.

HERMIT, 29, attractive, intelligent, professional, single, seeking similar female to share good things in life. Stratford-Upon-Avon/Midlands. Photo and chatty letter appreciated. ALA. Box 11850.

MALE, 29, intelligent, graduate, quite good-looking, seeks similar female for evenings out. Photo helpful. London/SE. Box 11950.

COMPANY DIRECTOR, 20s, male, single, interests including sports, literature and a wide range of music seeks an attractive and intelligent woman to share weekends in Scotland. A letter/C.V. ensures reply, but a photo would be appreciated. Box 12050.

ESSEX. Male, 25 yrs, individual and fun. Likes science fiction, sex, dreaming and life. Are you different too? Box 12150.

ME — tall, handsome, sexy, nice house, 38, Bristol, want to please, seek to satisfy. You — 18 to 58, feminine, attractive, unfulfilled, mobile. Box 12250.

MID BERKS. Active 47 yr, married man, seeks young woman 20-30 for excitement and fun. Photo please. Box 12350.

ESSEX MALE seeks female. I am 42, divorced, 6 ft, non-smoker. I like reading, music, walking. I miss that someone special in my life. Box 12450.

CONSIDERATE young man seeks woman to idle away the weekend with. Herts/anywhere. Box 12550.

LEATHER 'N' LACE/ occasionally whimsical! Woman/girl sought by music-loving, creative, 30ish Cheshire male. Box 12650.

UNPRETENTIOUS Surrey bachelor (32) seeks female friendship. Box 12750.

DOCTOR/VETS. Are you looking for a beautiful wife (30, son 5) intelligent, funny, and can cook! You are 30-45, caring, protective, sense of humour essential. Photo please. Glos/anywhere. Box 12850.

GOODLOOKING, professional woman, 30s, busy career, zero social life. Would like to hear from attractive, unattached, professional guy. North West, anywhere. My photo for yours. Box 12950.

PROFESSIONAL female graduate, 20s, enjoys concerts, wining, dining and travel seeks sophisticated professional gentleman, 35-45 to share life with. Box 13050.

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